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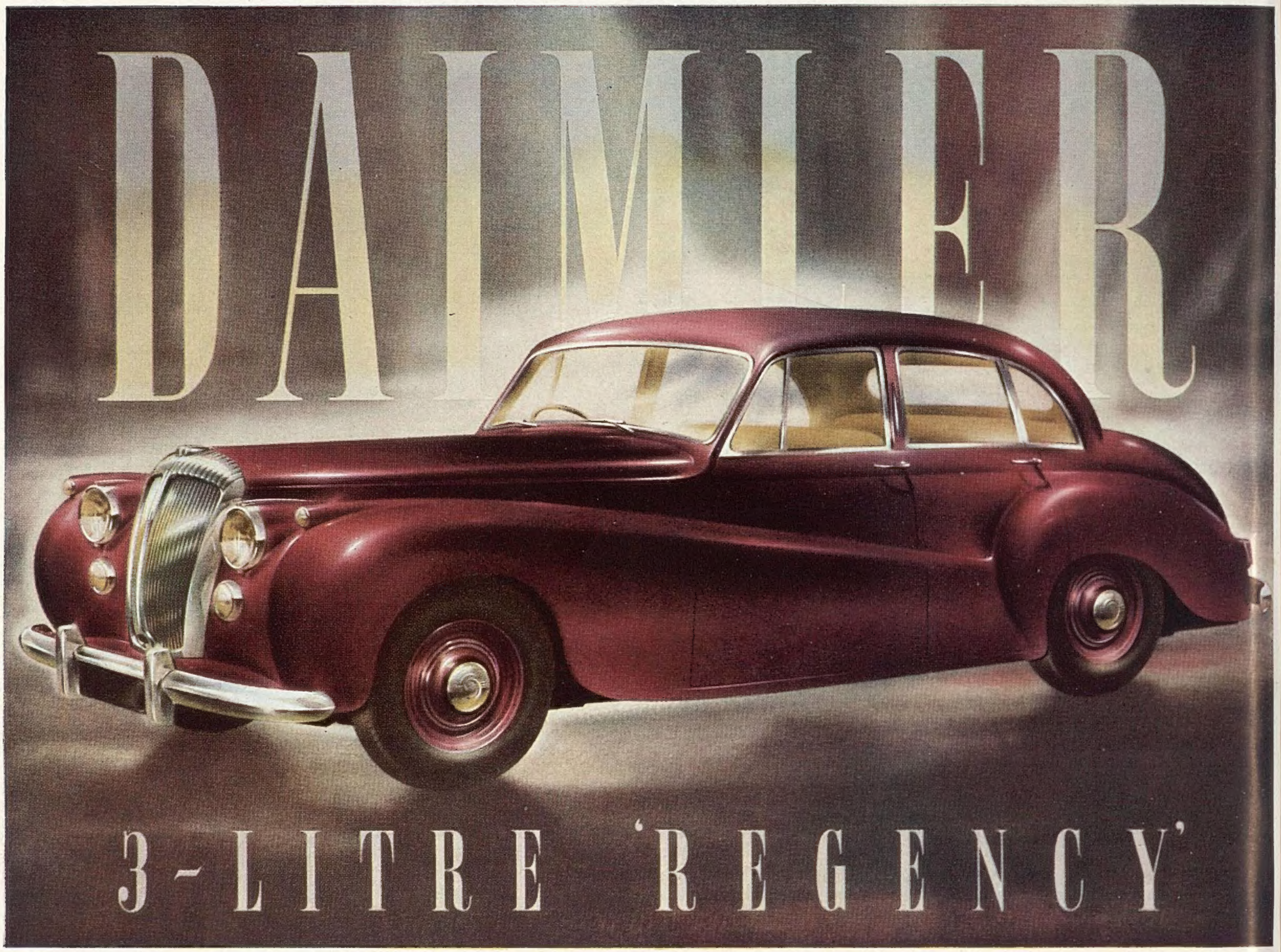

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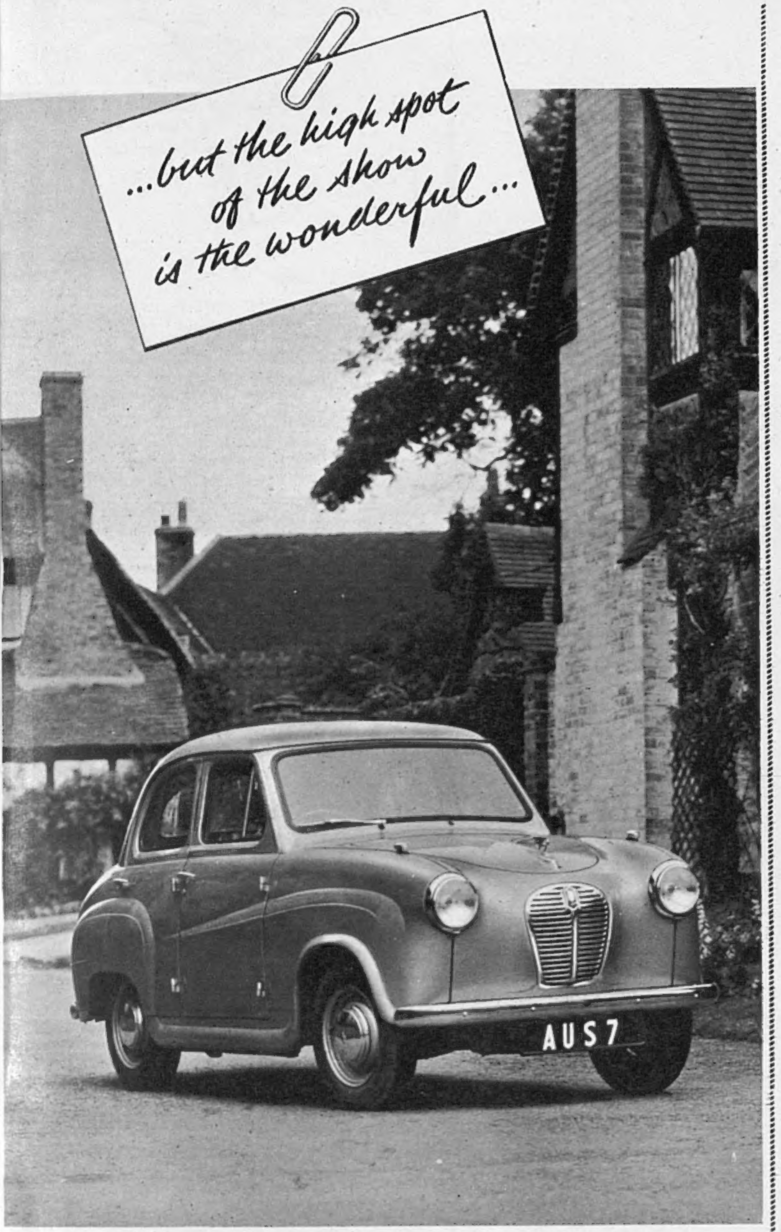

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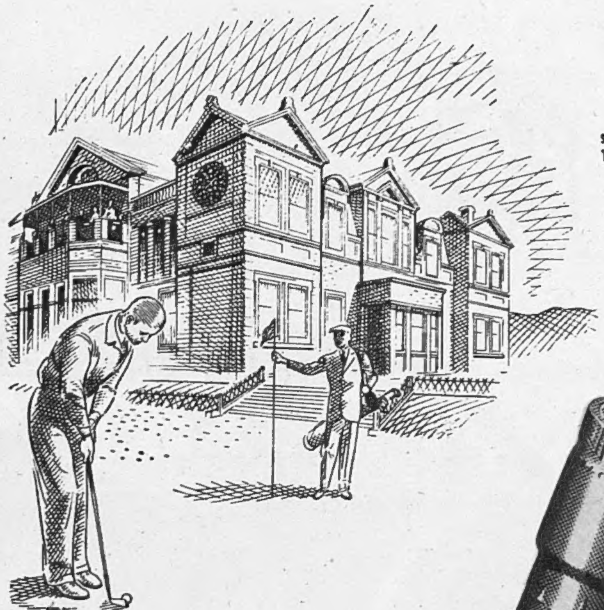

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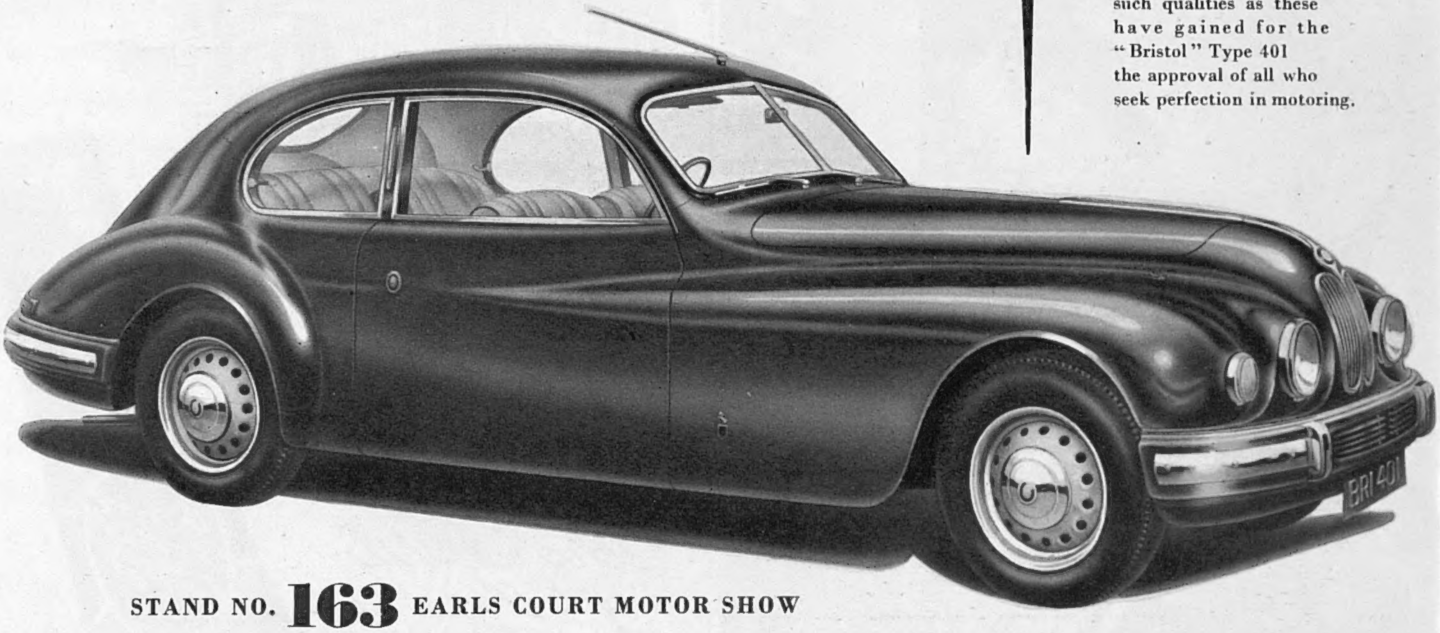

STAND NO. **163** EARLS COURT MOTOR SHOW

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POWER
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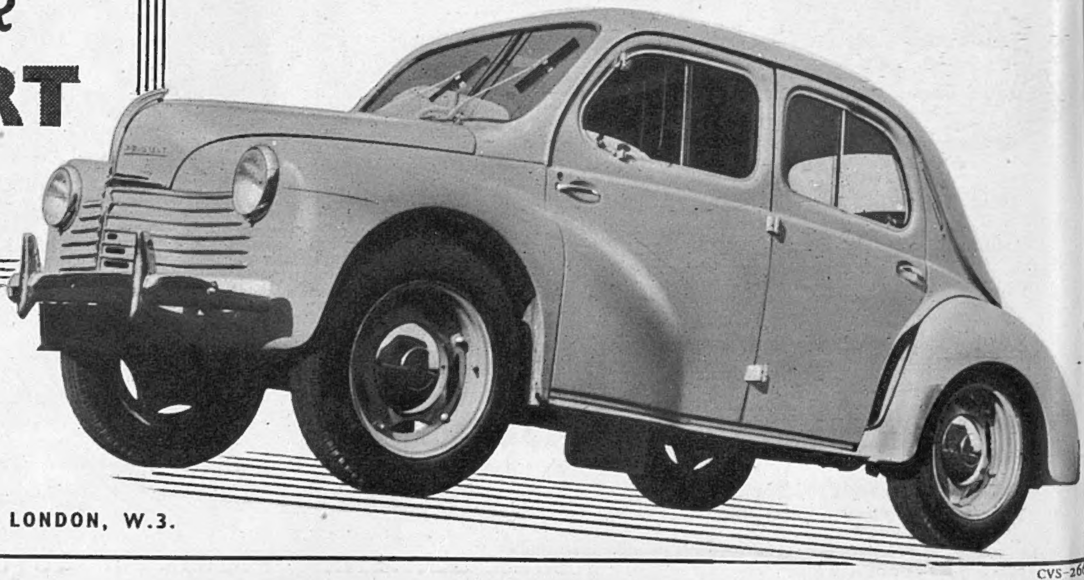
THE RENAULT 750 FOR 1952

At the top of its class and there to stay—the Renault 750 goes from strength to strength. Now, in its 1952 form, a power increase to the 4-cylinder engine of *more than 20%* adds new quality to this already supreme light car. A highly manœuvrable, power packed performer, the new Renault 750 will give you all the sparkling acceleration you need in traffic, more impressive top-speeds, crisper take-offs and even more effortless hill-climbing—yet with always something in reserve. And still the 750's extraordinary petrol economy remains unaffected—a test by *The Motor* showed 50 m.p.g. at a steady 40 m.p.h!
All this—plus improved Telescopic shock absorbers and bigger tyres to provide extra comfort and safety for 4 passengers—puts the Renault 750 on a high quality level unequalled in light car motoring.

RENAULT 750



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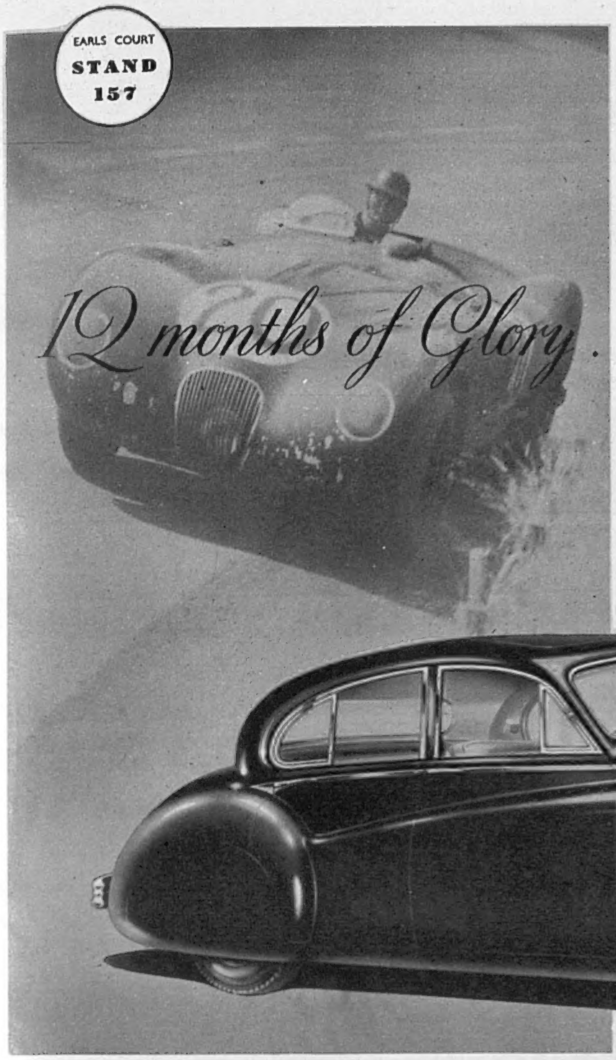

Since the debut of the Mark VII Jaguar at the last Motor Show, time has shown how well it merited that first sensational acclamation. In the same 12 months the Jaguar XK has dominated the International motoring scene, gaining success in no fewer than 12 major events, including the Le Mans 24 hour race—the first British Car to do so for 16 years. Jaguar are proud of this year of great achievement and of the generous tributes paid to their cars by press and public throughout the world.

JAGUAR

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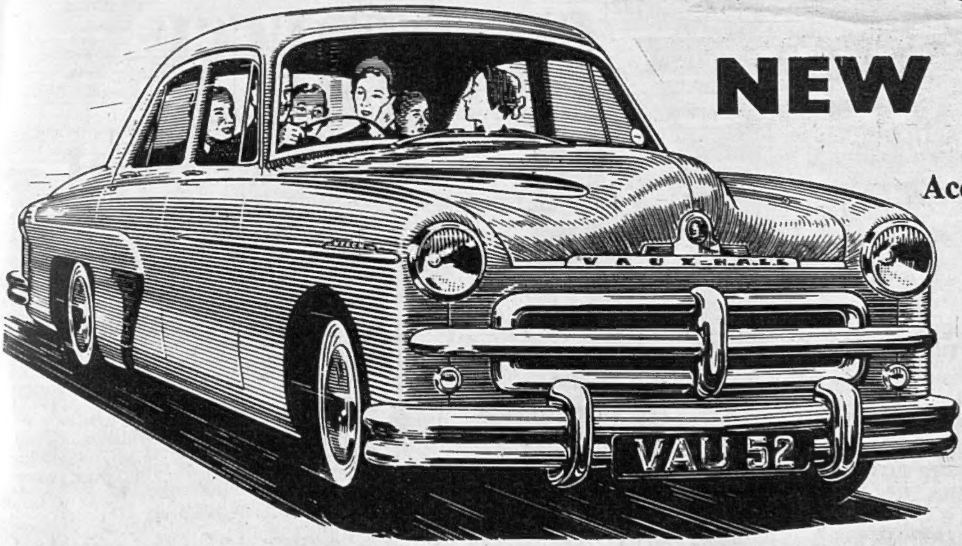

Acclaimed as the greatest success in years

No wonder trade and public alike are applauding the new Vauxhalls wherever they are displayed! Here, without overclaiming, is engineering technique years ahead of its time! Study these outstanding cars as a whole, or in every detail of their specification—and you will agree. Your Vauxhall dealer will be proud to show them to you.

Entirely new Velox and Wyvern models offer more space . . . more comfort with true Vauxhall economy.

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2¼ litres; 75 m.p.h. For really high performance with surprising economy. (25 m.p.g. with normal driving.)

£515 PLUS £287.12.3 P.T.

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Same size, same modern styling as Velox; 1½ litre engine, and outstanding economy. (Well over 30 m.p.g. with normal driving.)

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They're saying . . .

"Talking of cars, I'm glad I've got my name down for a Morris Oxford. Rode back from the Midlands last week in Tony's. I had a pretty shrewd idea that Morris had produced a winner, but now I'm convinced. It went like the wind. As for comfort, I read the Stock Market prices in my newspaper without missing a point."

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I'm quite happy about tuning an engine. But you can lose me pretty early in the higher lubrication. Still, the designers of my car recommend Energol, and as I usually finish near the front, I know I'm on a winner with **ENERGOL, THE OILIEST OIL** *says the racing motorist.*

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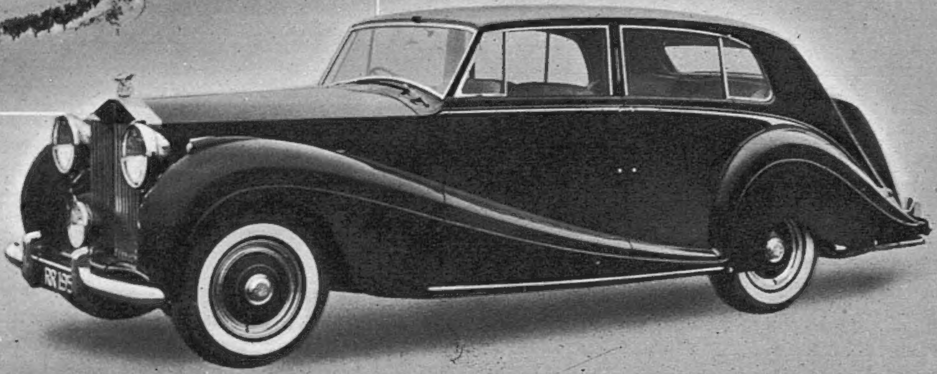

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A fine Red Burgundy
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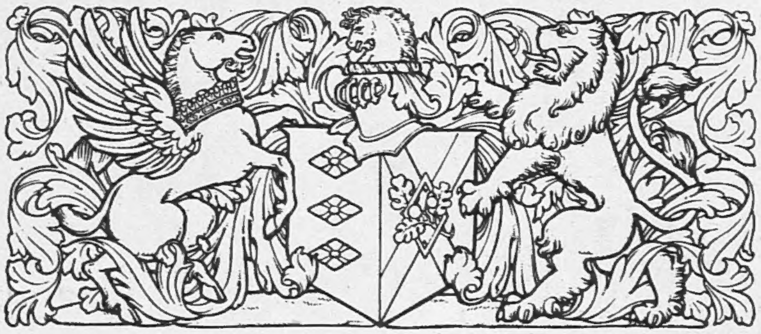

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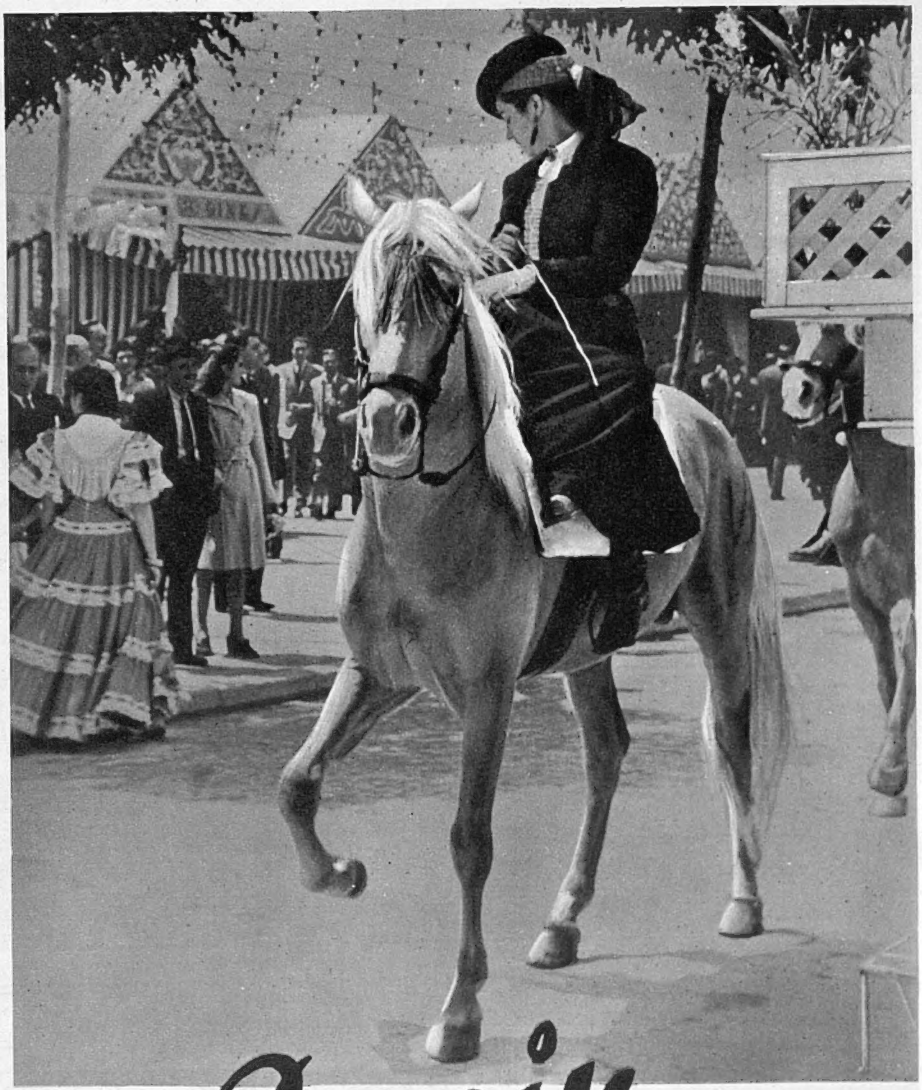

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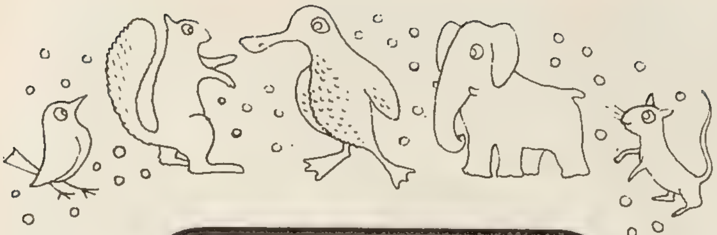
designed and made by
Bradleys
Chepstow Place, W.2.
the name of authority in furs

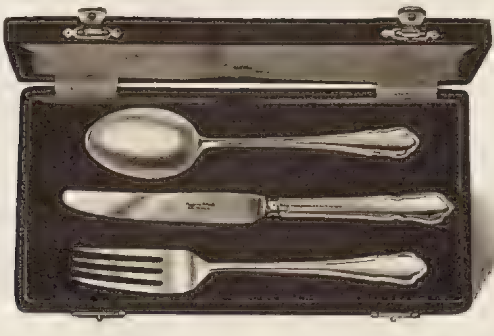


The

Christening

WILL TAKE PLACE...

In the delightful range of Christening Gifts at Mappin & Webb's three Showrooms in London, you will always find pleasure in choosing and pride in giving. The ideas illustrated form part of a varied and original selection in Sterling Silver, some of which bear nursery rhyme motifs. Our postal sections will gladly help those who cannot call.



The Bowl and Spoon in top illustration has three bears in relief. The knife, fork and spoon gift is available in a variety of designs.

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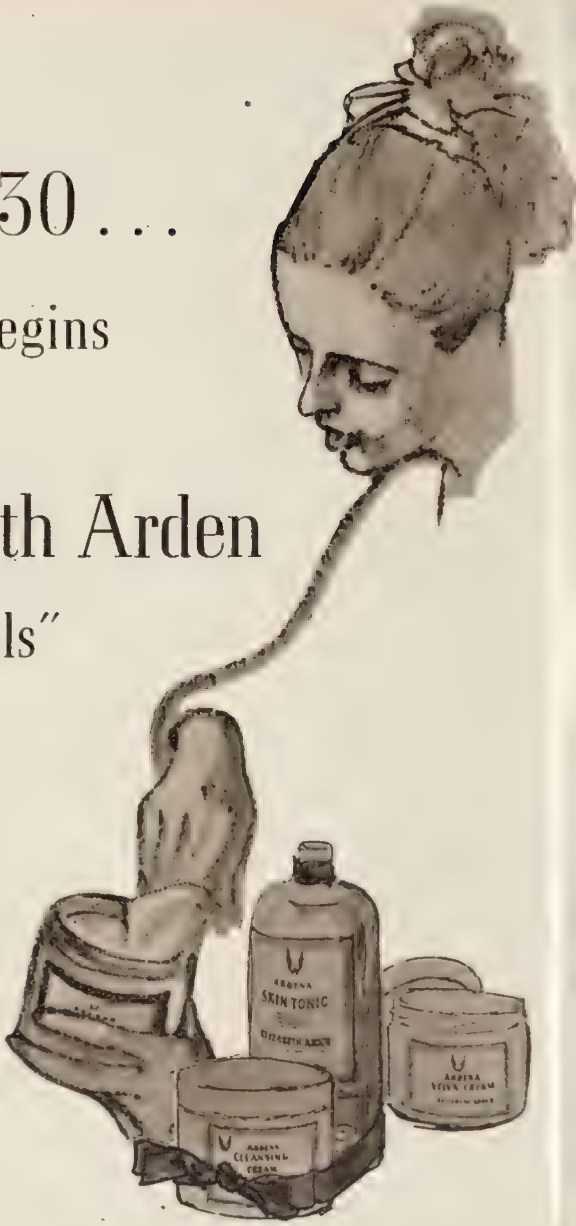
Over 30 ...

beauty begins with Elizabeth Arden "essentials"



No one knows so well as Elizabeth Arden how to smooth away the signs of the passing years. Birthdays don't matter to the woman who uses Elizabeth Arden "essentials" (brilliant formulas for mature skins that are like no others in the world). Swiftly, surely, they will show you that thirty is the beginning of beauty!

Basic Ritual for Over-30 skins

Cleanse... Ardena Cleansing Cream for dry or normal skin, 9/2 to 24/7
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Firm and Lift... with Firmo-Lift Treatment Lotion. Wonderful for double chins, crepey skin and surface lines, 35/-

Elizabeth Arden

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lovely fruit liqueur centres!
The only sweet with these
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SIX FLAVOURS—Gooseberry, Raspberry. Pear, Lemon, Pineapple, Tangerine: ½lb. 2/1 1lb. 4/2,
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New Berry Fruits
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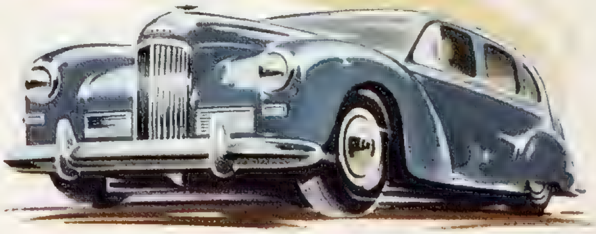
MILES AHEAD... *in performance, comfort, safety*

The HUMBER Super Snipe



BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING
MOTOR CAR MANUFACTURERS HUMBER LIMITED

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THE ROOTES GROUP

The Humber Super Snipe carries forward the great tradition of its famous predecessors. To its brilliant top-gear performance, impressive acceleration and superb roadholding are added refinements in suspension and air-ride super cushion tyres to increase riding comfort and stability still further. Important new styling details add to classic Humber grace and beauty of line. Wherever in the world your journey takes you, you'll be miles ahead in the Super Snipe.

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The Sketch

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1951

Photographed by Vivienne.

IN HIS LONDON GARDEN

A new portrait of Mr. Winston S. Churchill, who hopes to lead his party to victory at the polls to-morrow, October 25.

Our Motley Notes

BY TOBY O'BRIEN

RECENTLY, while motoring across France, I introduced my son, aged twelve, to his first glass of white wine. This was in the process of explaining to him that the French put their civilisation into their wine and into their cooking and not into their plumbing. He swallowed it down as quickly as he demolishes ginger-beer—and that is very quickly indeed. Both his grandfather and I remonstrated with him, and I told him the story of Talleyrand and the young man who gulped down a priceless liqueur brandy in the same way.

Talleyrand said, "No, no, no. You mustn't do that. What you do is this. You take the glass. You warm it in the palms of your hands—thus. You swill the brandy gently round the warm glass to release the bouquet—so. You take a gentle sip. You roll it round your tongue. You swallow it. Then you put the glass down—and talk about it."

I am moved to mention this by recent attendance at J. L. P. Lebègue's annual tasting of French wines, held in their cellars in the City. Mr. Guy Prince, the moving spirit in this admirable enterprise, is greatly to be congratulated on his initiative in starting these tastings three years ago, and on the intelligence with which he continues them. Of course, it is all a good advertisement for Mr. Prince's firm, but that does not detract from the valuable service he performs by adding something to the thin crust of civilisation in these islands. I would gladly have attended the whole session on each day, for to spend a mere hour or two, which was all I could spare on the third day (the first cold of autumn kept me away the previous two days—on the grounds that a cold in the head is unfair to any wine) is like spending the same amount of time in the Louvre, the Prado or the Pitti Palace. For the reason of the cold, too, I regretfully passed by the magnificent old Bordeaux and Burgundies (with the exception of a Romanée Saint-Vivant 1928, which recalled to me the most memorable individual wine of my life—a Romanée 1911, which I had with a *caneton sauvage à la presse* at Voisin before that great restaurant finally closed its doors). Instead, I placed myself under the wings of M. Henri de Villaine, the proprietor of Romanée-Conti, and of Comte Georges de Vogüé of Chambolle-Musigny. With these two admirable guides, we ranged at leisure through the '45 to '49 vintages of Echezeaux, Grands Echezeaux, Richebourg, La Tache and Romanée-Conti. The three years, '47, '48 and '49, particularly the last, will obviously be outstanding in this segment of

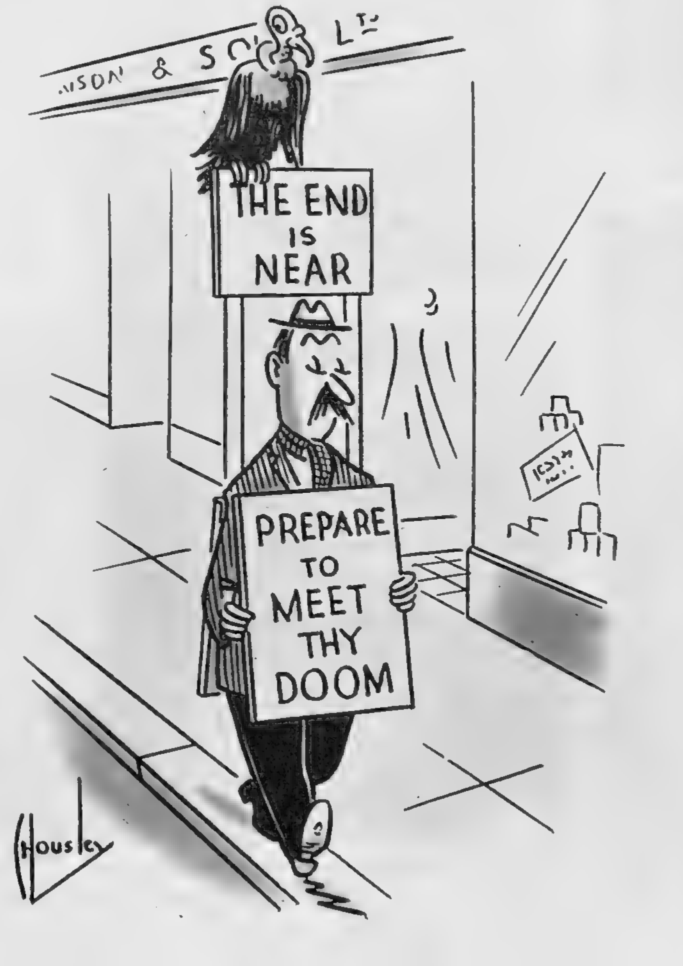
the century, though it will naturally be a little time before one can tell which of them will be a great wine, and which of them merely fine.

However, the fetishism which causes people to secrete little cards in their waistcoat pockets, and to stick rigidly to the number of points given by some expert to the whole vintage of one whole class of wine, such as Burgundy or Bordeaux, was nicely guyed (if you will excuse the pun) by Mr. Guy Prince in an amusing little poem which he showed me. It was also guyed most effectively by M. de Villaine with his 1942 Romanée-Conti, which he had on exhibition. 1942 had no sort of reputation as a year for Burgundy, and yet this—though I doubt if it will last for any great length of time—was a really first-class wine, worth all the points which the experts could give it, but which they had withheld from that year. Incidentally, Comte Georges de Vogüé is a cousin of an old friend of pre-war days, Comte Robert de Vogüé, whom I used to visit annually at Reims and Epernay for the champagne vintage.

IT was at the Motor Show a couple of years ago that the sales-manager of a famous firm produced the classic remark to me: "You do get some queer-looking people here. Look at that chap! He 's got a face like a brewer's invoice!" The Motor Show this year has, of course, been "stolen" by the new Austin "Seven" and by the "X-Ray" Minx—just as last year it was stolen by the new Jaguar. I always think that the post-war Motor Shows, at any rate, are a wonderful example of the triumph of faith over knowledge. The vast crowds which have thronged the Show this year, in spite of the election, may gawp and gape at the models, but on paper their expectations of owning one of them is roughly fourteen years—unless we 've been atomised or there has been a radical and, alas, totally unexpected change for the better.

I HAVE no mechanical aptitude in any direction. That is to say, if my car starts to make strange noises I never look inside the bonnet, believing that like other animals it is best left alone when sick or until you can get it to a vet or a garage. For example, when we had a puncture in the centre of Lyons recently it was my son who found out how the jack worked (incidentally, where in this country would you have a garage proprietor who, while the puncture was being mended, discussed the merits of the cooking in the restaurants of the surrounding countryside and almost implored us to go back twenty miles in our tracks because of a particular dish in a particular hostelry of which he knew ?).

There was a time when I knew quite a lot about what Mr. Churchill and I still insist on calling "the wireless." I am reminded of this by a news item which described an all-crystal radio receiver. What a long time ago it all seems since one probed with a cat's whisker at a crystal, trying to find a spot sufficiently sensitive to get you London or the "powerful new transmitter" at Daventry! (Their call signs, if I remember, were 2LO, 5XX.) I can, indeed, go still further back. I made my first wireless set in conjunction with Daniel Birt, now a distinguished figure in the film industry, before regular broadcasting started. We wound our own coils. We built up our own variable condensers which were somehow clamped to the edge of a large table and were 6 ins. deep for a ·001 capacity. We saved up our pocket-money and got a single bright emitter "R" valve out of a World War I. Army wireless set (I can remember it cost us 30s. to this day), and then there came the great day when we heard the first concert transmitted from "2 Emma Toc—Writtle Station calling." Dame Nellie Melba sang squeakily into our earphones for twenty glorious minutes. I remember, too, towards the end of this performance Daniel's mother, with the anxiety of mothers to be abreast of the times, looked in and enquired brightly "Are you condensing ?" I can remember, too, the first broadcast from 2LO, the old headquarters in Savoy Hill, from which, incidentally, some time later I arranged and took part in the first transatlantic wireless debate between Harvard and Oxford. That debate was memorable for the fan mail we got afterwards from all over the States.



EARLIER on I praised Mr. Guy Prince for his initiative over the wine-tastings. I now have another bouquet to hand out. It is to Mrs. John Hall, of Broughton Hall, in Staffordshire. At a time when the great, the lovely and the historic country houses of this country are either falling into ruin due to the activities of the tax collector, being turned into schools, mental institutions or headquarters of big businesses, it is heartening to find the reverse process taking place.

In 1912, the late Mr. John Hall, a well-known figure in Staffordshire, came across an engraving of Broughton Hall in Dr. Plot's *Natural History of Staffordshire*, published in Charles II.'s reign. It was of a house not far from his own, but whereas Dr. Plot's engraving showed a magnificent timbered front, Broughton Hall—which was virtually derelict—was covered with rough-cast. In 1914 he bought Broughton, but it was not—because of the war—until 1926 that work could be begun on the restoration of this building. I am not, myself, particularly fond of restorations, but Mr. Hall and his wife (after his death in 1930) showed such admirable taste that at the outbreak of the war the house was one of the most perfect examples of a seventeenth-century timbered building in the country. Both Mr. and Mrs. Hall had the house in mind as a home for their children. Unfortunately, three of their sons were killed, and the house in the war was turned into a school. By stringent economies in other directions, Mrs. Hall has now been able to take possession of the house once more, and complete the restoration—a fine reversal of the modern process which is breaking up the countryside and destroying our national heritage. It is small wonder that when Mrs. Hall recently returned to Broughton the bells in the local church were rung.

THIS issue of *The Sketch* will appear on the eve of poll. At the moment of writing it has been superficially a dull election. Up to now there has been, in the words of Mr. Holloway in his saga of Albert and the Lion, "Nuthin' to laff at at all." The previous election had many poignant moments, but none, I think, to equal the sad discountenancing of my friend Alan Lennox-Boyd in mid-Beds. Alan, who has sat for that seat for twenty years, only got in as a Tory by some 1400 votes in the great anti-Socialist landslide of 1931. His majority has never been larger than 4000. He half expected to lose his seat last time because of the fact that, under redistribution, he had lost some sound Tory villages and had been given in exchange the workers in the neighbouring brick-fields. He addressed a lunch-time meeting there in the canteen. It was neither enthusiastic nor hostile—just heavy. Coming out he saw some forty people eating their lunch in the early February sunlight. Alan is a first-class politician and has a politician's reaction: "Forty people unspoken to; I must address them." He did. They smiled. They applauded wildly. Going away Alan said to the manager: "You know, Mr. Blank, I think that is the best meeting I have had in this campaign." Said the manager: "I didn't like to stop you, and now I hardly know how to tell you. But those are all displaced Poles. They can't understand English and they haven't any votes, anyway."

Robin Bowen

Mr. George White, joint managing director of the Bristol Aeroplane Co., Ltd.

Sir Rowland Smith, chairman of the Ford Motor Co., Ltd. (left), chatting with Lord Brabazon.

Mr. R. F. Hanks, vice-chairman of the Nuffield Organisation.

Dr. F. Llewelyn Smith, who is a director of the Motor Car Division of Rolls-Royce Ltd.

The 1951 Motor Show

EARLS COURT— —AND BEYOND

By William Hartley

THE Motor Show this year certainly supports its official title as the 36th International Motor Exhibition. In addition to the thirty-two makes of British cars there is a similar number of cars from overseas. They provide an interesting and welcome display of design trends in America, Canada, France, Italy and Germany.

A study of the British cars on show indicates that we have reached a milestone. The post-war designs seem to be settling down, and indeed the vast majority of them are but tidied-up versions of recent productions. This to me is a welcome trend, as I always regretted the pre-war custom of producing a new model each year. So often it seemed it was done for the sake of it, and it was of little value other than to date the cars ! This general carry-over of last year's, or perhaps even earlier models, has given the makers a chance to introduce small modifications in both looks and technical detail. In some cases the alterations involve the frontal appearance, and these are now in more recognisable form, each make being distinctive. There was a time in the recent past when one had to think hard to identify a model. On the whole, fronts are getting more simple, one example being the Standard "Vanguard." The smaller number of plated parts round the cooling air intake—one hesitates to say radiator—gives a better look.

I am pleased, too, to see that good vision is having attention from body designers ; in particular, that the rear window is becoming useful in size. This backwards view for reversing and mirror use is so very important, and as an instance I name the cabriolet body on the Jensen "Interceptor." This has a fine window at the rear giving first-rate vision over full width and even at the side, quite unbroken, and it should be a model for body designers. As it is on a drophead body, it is all the more praiseworthy, since rear view on these bodies has for long enough been poor. And this year at least fifteen famous makers list drophead coupés or open tourers, which is no doubt a result of the export demand for what we now call a convertible. All are welcome, and they compensate a little for the many makers who are cutting out the sunshine roof. Before the war it was rare to see an open car, but modern design has made them quite truly weatherproof when closed. And they do become a normal family vehicle without having to move into the sports car class.

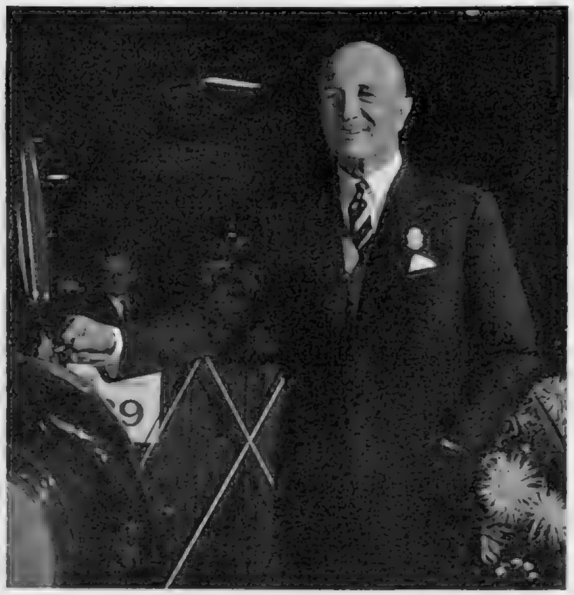
Major-General Sir Leslie Williams (left), and Mr. Geoffrey Rootes, directors of the Rootes Group.

Sir Charles Bartlett, managing director of Vauxhall Motors Ltd.

Mr. W. Lyons, chairman and managing director of Jaguar Cars Ltd.

PROMINENT MOTORING PERSONALITIES

Mr. James Leek, managing director of the Daimler Co., Ltd.



Sir John Black, managing director of the Standard Motor Co., Ltd.

Mr. H. Woodhead, chairman of Jowett Cars Ltd., standing by the unique Jowett Jupiter chassis.

Among the many convertibles to be seen is the new de ville convertible on the Lanchester " Fourteen " (2-litre) chassis. This hood is power-operated by a button on the dash, and it appears from behind the back seat, which automatically hinges forward to release it. The hydraulic mechanism brings the hood smoothly to the de ville position, which for the benefit of those not going back into car history far enough. means that the front two seats are in the open and the rear covered. It can be used in this useful position like a car with sunshine roof wide open. The hand operation of closing up to the screen is simple and easily done. It presents a most attractive truly all-weather body. And the same name is applied by Ford's to a similar arrangement on the 6-cylinder " Zephyr " chassis. Among these open cars there is plenty of further choice, from first-class examples on Jaguar and Aston Martin as sports cars, to the very popular Morris " Minor."

Looking round for other new features, I am pleased to see the steering wheel coming in for thought. A notable innovation is the " T "-spoked wheel on the Ford " Consul " and " Zephyr." Really attractive, it gives a grand view of the re-grouped instruments. It almost invites one to hold it, so clean and efficient it looks. The Bristol use a two-spoked wheel on their very fine and truly streamlined type " 401 " 2-litre, and to help those who, like myself, often drive holding spoke rather than rim, neat finger-shaped holds are placed in the spoke. Another nice thought

Mr. G. E. Beharrell, president of the S.M.M. and T., and deputy chairman and managing director of the Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd.

on this car is special provision of holes in bumper over-riders to allow fixing of tow-rope. The modern complete enclosure of chassis and axles makes this a problem indeed, and Bristol's thought is worthy of imitation.

Whilst, as I say, this is a settling-down Show, there is the usual new model of wide interest. This year that title must go to the new Austin " Seven." How glad I am that they preserve

(Continued overleaf)

Mr. A. O. Hollick, general sales manager of the Rover Co., Ltd.

Mr. H. T. Chapman, Armstrong Siddeley Motors Ltd.

Mr. H. Barker, director of Hooper and Co. (Coachbuilders), Ltd., with the magnificent Hooper body on the Straight Eight Daimler.

Mr. G. W. Harriman, director of the Austin Motor Co., Ltd.

AT EARLS COURT SHOW

WOLSELEY JOWETT "JUPITER" ROLLS-ROYCE

AUSTIN "SEVEN"

EARLS COURT — AND BEYOND

(Continued from previous page)

that name, because it means so much to all motorists, young and old. When Lord Austin first gave us the baby car it established something which became part of English life, and to talk once more of a new Austin "Seven" brings real pleasure. The car will give, without doubt, a true economy in operation with its 800 c.c. engine, and the modern appearance and finish make it a very worthy descendant of one of the most popular of all cars. This will be the car for which the 1951 show will be remembered.

New, too—though at the other end of the scale—is the 3-litre Daimler, the "Regency." Its introduction comes at the end of a long period of development and trial, and the newly-rebuilt Daimler works at blitzed Coventry plan to produce in quantity. The "Regency" adheres to the good Daimler modernisation of the familiar radiator, perhaps one of the best of the treatments of the old to suit the new. The whole appearance is more than pleasing. It has the well-tried Daimler transmission: fluid flywheel and self-change gearbox. Twenty years have gone by since Daimler made this standard, and although other makers use similar ideas, there is a singular lack of new transmissions.

British cars seem to lag in this aspect of simplified transmissions, although one realises that the vast production totals of the American makers help them in that respect. Automatic transmissions are costly to introduce, and only terrific output can absorb such a high production outlay. But it cannot be long now before we see all our makers adopting some form of automatic transmission—and that stage assuredly will come before we reach the gas-turbine-engined car.

Other introductions at Earls Court include a new Hillman "Minx"—the Mark V. It is really a re-styling, and its most discernible feature is the plated moulding along each side of the body. Instruments have been re-styled, as has the steering wheel, and the body has increased head-room. This is the type of development that I welcome, as, too, are the more technical points of increased dynamo output and waterproof brake-drums.

Triumph are showing a limousine—I think the first time this body type has been linked with the famous name; a pleasing job.

Colours are bright and interesting. Not long ago almost all British cars were black, but in due course our roads will present a colourful prospect. Makers say the change is welcomed

STANDARD "VANGUARD" BRISTOL VAUXHALL

THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME:

Specially assembled

RILEY | LANCHESTER | DAIMLER "REGENCY"

by home buyers, but I can't help thinking that such welcome is not unconnected with the fact that when a long-awaited car arrives after some years of patience, the colour is a matter of little import. And the overseas buyers really do like colour. Sad, but I suspect that when export becomes of slightly less importance, black will return to favour here!

The whole array of some sixty-four models would make selection more than difficult in any class or style. And in addition to these there are the examples of the coachbuilder's art on the stands in that section of the Show. These can be seen in much more peace and are worthy of study. I cannot review all, so I will review none, because each must have the admiration of the overseas buyers as fine examples of British craft.

But it is not only among the cars and the coachwork exhibits that interest is to be found. Frankly, I cannot understand why more people do not go up to the Gallery to study the vast array of accessories, components, and equipment. For the motorist who will not get a new car for years to gaze at the new models is a form of torture, whereas he can benefit far more from the other side of the Show. In the Gallery it is possible to see all the components which build up your car, and the latest accessories in detail. Much can be gained by giving thought to these, and the old car can be made to last longer and perform better by application of some of the devices on show.

Caravans, too, provide great interest. Rightly becoming more and more popular, the caravan of to-day offers real comfort and warmth combined with mobility, and the Earls Court display is quite comprehensive.

The boat section provides added interest, and it always surprises people to see just how much boat one gets for the price of a medium car. The same is true of the caravans, since both carry purchase tax only on a few small fittings. But of the excellent value in them one has no doubt.

The vast crowd that each year throngs the stands at the Motor Show is ample evidence of the interest of people in motoring. It is perhaps the more remarkable when one considers that placing an order now would in few cases produce the same type that is shown, for the passing of years before delivery would bring many changes. But the Motor Show has become one of London's annual features visited by people from all over the country and indeed the world, and this year's event more than lives up to the high standard of the past.

MORRIS "MINOR"

ROVER | HILLMAN "MINX" | FORD "ZEPHYR"

BRITISH MODELS (1952) FOR DELIVERY 19??

for "THE SKETCH."

COMMAND PERFORMANCE

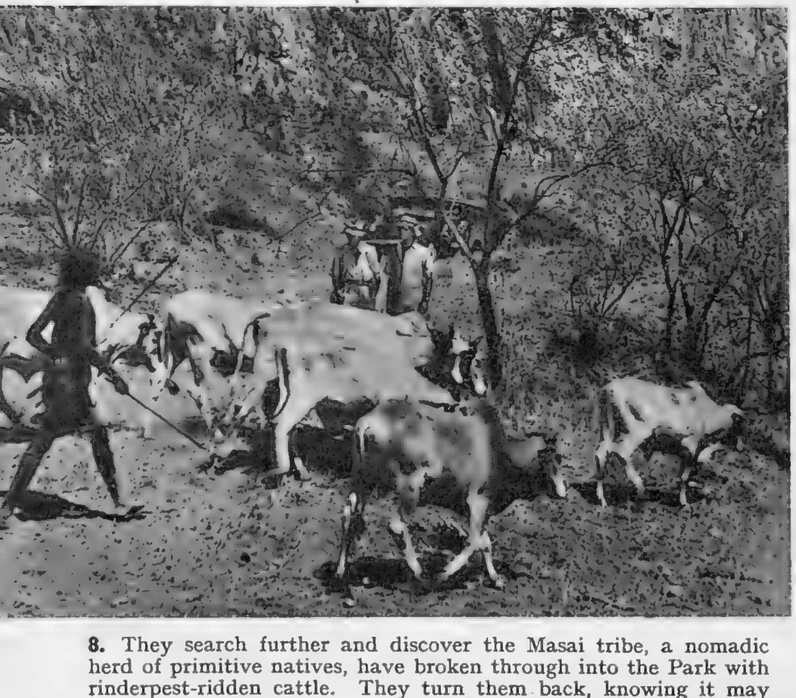
Where No Vultures Fly has been selected for this year's Royal Film Performance to be shown at the Odeon Theatre, Leicester Square, on November 5. The Queen and Princess Margaret are expected to attend.

It is an adventure-story of present-day Africa, based on the recent struggles of Mervyn Cowie to form the Royal National Parks of Kenya for the preservation of African game. The Michael Balcon-Ealing Studios production was filmed in Technicolor on location. It stars Anthony Steel (of *The Wooden Horse* fame), Dinah Sheridan and Harold Warrender (well known as radio's quiz-master of "Merry-Go-Round").

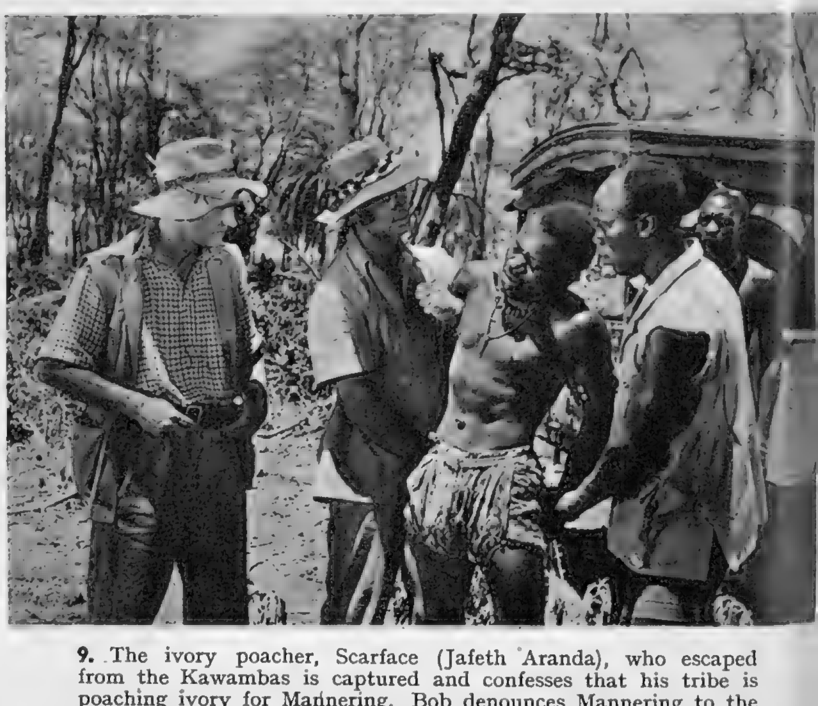
1. Bob Payton (Anthony Steel), a Game Warden in Kenya, is horrified by the waste of wild life around him. He decides to resign his post to try and form a National Park as a game sanctuary before valuable herds are completely destroyed. He gives up his warden's badge to the Chief Game Warden (Jack Arundel Mallett).

4. With no money and little help the Payton family discuss the possibility of giving up the idea of a Park. In desperation, Bob asks the District Commissioner for help. He suggests using prisoners, if any are willing to work for him. Many agree and prove good workers. They make friends with young Tim Payton (William Simons).

5. After another attack on elephants, Bob insists that the Kawamba tribe give up their weapons. Mannering (Harold Warrender), posing as a photographer, questions his authority. Bob suspects him of organising the poaching, and believes him to be his chief enemy. Success of the Park means the loss of Mannering's supply of ivory.



8. They search further and discover the Masai tribe, a nomadic herd of primitive natives, have broken through into the Park with rinderpest-ridden cattle. They turn them back, knowing it may be too late to save their own animals. They guess Mannering is to blame, and summon a vet. to make tests for the disease.



9. The ivory poacher, Scarface (Jafeth Aranda), who escaped from the Kawambas is captured and confesses that his tribe is poaching ivory for Mannering. Bob denounces Mannering to the authorities, who refuse to believe that he is anything but an honest photographer of wild game.

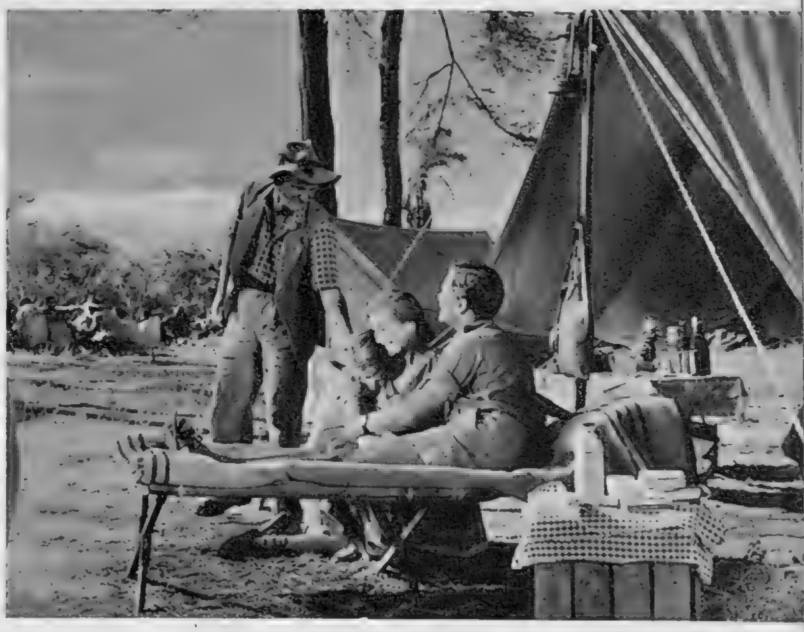
2. After continual setbacks the authorities hand over a stretch of wild country where Bob Payton goes to live with his wife and son. The parkland, hunting-ground of the fierce Kawamba tribe, contains large elephant herds. Coming across white professional hunters beside an elephant, Bob suspects them of killing it for ivory.

3. He taxes Kimolo (Johanna Kitau), Chief of the ivory-hunting Kawamba tribe, with a poisoned arrow taken from an elephant, but Kimolo denies that it has been shot by one of his men. The poacher Scarface whom Bob could identify escapes from the tribe while he is talking with the Chief.

6. Bob agrees to sell part of his store of game to an animal trapper, Gwil Davies, for shipment to zoos. This enables him to make enough money to keep the Park going and success seems in sight. Suddenly Bob and Mary (Dinah Sheridan) see vultures flying overhead, an indication there are more dead animals on the preserve.

7. Bob and Gwil (Meredith Edwards) investigate and find the body of an animal not killed by game or gun. The obvious suspicion is that it has died from the dread rinderpest, a fell disease which would mean killing off all the game in the Park, and the valuable animals Gwil is to ship to zoos.

10. Attempting to prove Mannering's guilt, Bob lays a trap for him in the jungle with some stolen ivory tusks. His enemy falls into the trap but Bob is wounded by a poisoned spear, thrown by one of the poachers, and left for dead, while Mannering makes for the border with a truckload of ivory.



11. Gwil finds Bob who, despite his wound, insists on following Mannering. In the ensuing chase a rhinoceros charges the truck, and Mannering, with the stolen ivory, falls 1000 ft. over a cliff. Back at the camp the vet. reports no rinderpest. The Park is saved, and Bob has achieved his aim.

THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES IN CANADA

Before Quebec's tremendous welcome to Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip at the start of their Canadian tour came a visit to the City Hall, where, greeted by the Mayor, Mr. Lucien Borne, they signed the Golden Book. Since then, their happy journey across the Dominion, by sea, by air, road and rail, has included a State banquet, civic luncheons and, among more informal events, a Square Dance in correct costume at Rideau Hall, Ottawa, residence of the Governor-General, Field Marshal Lord Alexander. During their visit to the Niagara Falls, thousands of Americans drove over to see the Royal couple. Everywhere their Royal Highnesses have received unforgettable greetings, and a number of presents, some for Prince Charles and Princess Anne. They were due at Vancouver on October 21, and a short "holiday" was arranged for them from yesterday, 23rd, till to-morrow, 25th, at Esquimault. October 31 to November 2 will be spent in Washington, where a great reception is being prepared.

Mrs. M. Baker's three cream kittens in the Any Variety Long-Hair Class are by *Molesey Ali Baba —Thelma.*

ARISTOCRATS AT THE CRYSTAL CAT SHOW

Beautiful, blue-blooded, from all parts of Britain came the entries to the two-day Crystal Cat Show held recently at Olympia. Nearly 12,000 cat-lovers attended, and many of them saw for the first time some of the lovely varieties British breeders have evolved after many years of selective breeding. The Show was open to all pedigree cats, registered or unregistered, and among its patrons are Lady Aberconway—whose article on *Fashions in Cats* appears on the two following pages—Compton Mackenzie and Alicia Markova. The Crystal Cat Show retains its name, though the Crystal Palace, where it used to be held was burnt down some years ago.

Judging the champions were (l. to r.) : Mrs. Joan Thompson, Miss Kathleen Yorke, and Mr. Frank Norris.

Of Mrs. D. Brice-Webb's three Blue kittens, Long-haired, one is destined for Australia, one for Sweden.

Left: Mrs. B. M. McMullen's *Keja Blue Print* won First Prize in Class 39 (Any Variety Siamese Neuter). *Right*: Miss E. McGovern's *Aulay Patience*, second in Class 56 (Any Variety Short-hair Neuter).

FASHIONS IN CATS

by Lady Aberconway

Castle of Montegufoni.

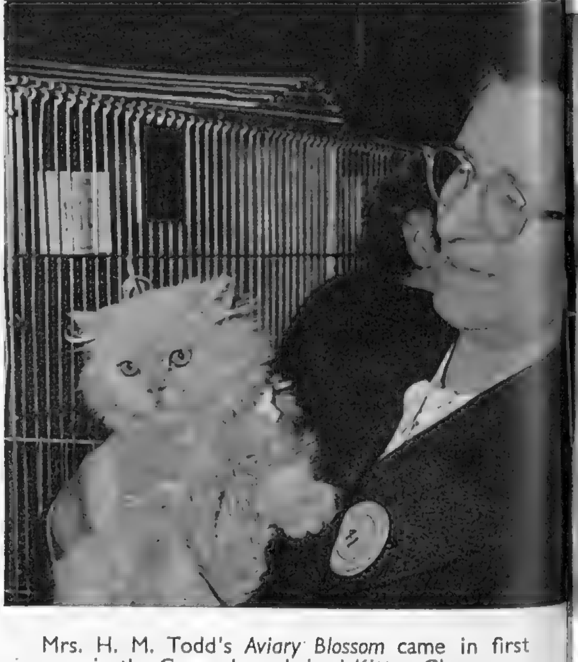
THROUGH being in Tuscany, where now the sun shines all day and every day, and where the hills are covered with vines and olive trees, umbrella pines and cypresses, I have missed the recent Crystal Cat Show, much to my regret. It was last year's Crystal Show at Olympia which converted me from disliking the sight of many hundreds of cats shut up in cages, and convinced me that these Shows, splendidly organised and attended by huge crowds, undoubtedly stimulate interest in all breeds of cats and help to raise, everywhere, the status of the cat.

These Shows, also, are of great interest in that they often reveal the trend of changes of fashion in cats. These changes sometimes come slowly, occurring over many years, even centuries, or they may appear with surprising swiftness. One instance of a change that probably came very slowly is that to-day there is no race of cats used for hunting and retrieving game; whereas in Egypt, more than 4000 years ago, the cat was not only the pampered pet of her mistress, she was also the sporting companion of her master, whom she accompanied in the pursuit of game.

Changes in fashion bring changes in custom and behaviour, and though these changes are usually caused by some new development in the material world, they can occur, also, from what appears to be a change in human nature itself. Recently

Miss Dawn Blakeley with her Long-haired *Sukie Blakeley*, a household pet entered in Class 63.

Miss Terry with two Seal-pointed Siamese kittens, winners *Camiers Therise* and *Camiers Sacqueta.*



Mrs. H. M. Todd's *Aviary Blossom* came in first in the Cream Long-haired Kitten Class.

Miss Maureen McVady's Blue Long-haired kitten *Gaydene Rudolph*, with his owner.

Miss Webster holds Mr. C. Dugdale's *Ch. Harpur Blue Boy*, winner of the Championship Class.

an elderly and distinguished schoolmaster told me that he remembered noticing, when he was young, that the first action of almost any boy on seeing a cat was to pick up something and throw it at the persecuted creature. In middle age, he said, he became aware that boys usually ignored cats. "To-day," he added, "most boys, passing a cat, say 'Hullo, Puss!' or bend down to stroke it." This change in behaviour, he believed, came from a real change in human nature.

But what change of fashion is occurring at this moment? Perhaps one may best discover this by comparing the drawings of cats exhibited at the first Cat Show held at the Crystal Palace, with the cats exhibited in any contemporary Show; or, better still, by comparing the cats of one's childhood with the cats of to-day.

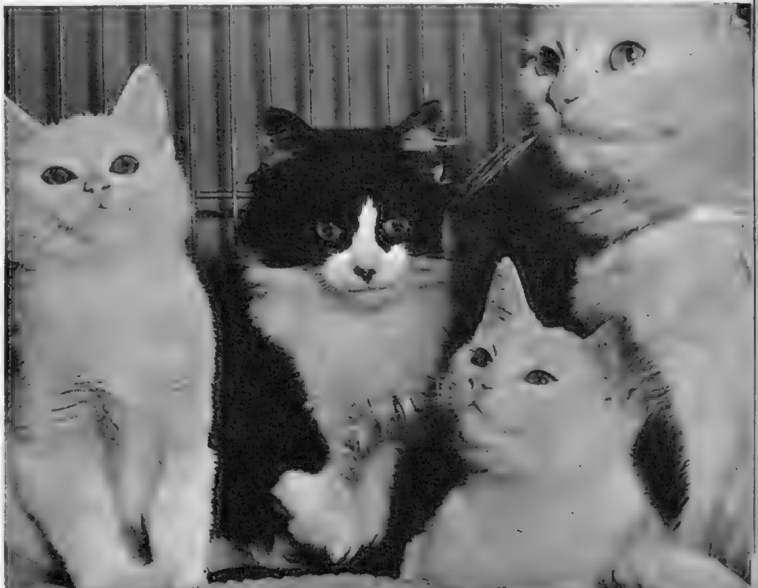
I remember, as a child, being expected to admire long-haired cats, demure, often far too fat creatures, the pets of old ladies by whose side they sat or slept all day, wearing, often, a ribbon and bow round their necks. These Persian cats were very superior, I was told, to the lovely, velvet Tabbies whom I had always admired. At that time (I am speaking of half-a-century ago) Tabbies were mostly "kitchen" cats and were declared to be "common"; yet children loved them more than the aristocratic Persians. So far as I can recall, I knew few men, other than scholars and artists, who cared for cats; this, I feel sure, was because, at that time, men of affairs and sportsmen rarely met the "kitchen" tabby, while the sleepy Persians bored them.

That is not true of to-day. Men of all types, fairly recently, have "discovered" cats, and value them as sympathetic companions, amusing and subtle, capable of devotion, and totally devoid of unclean habits.

That many men have come recently to appreciate cats (nearly always short-haired cats) may partly account for the present great fashion for Siamese and Burmese, and may account, too, for the growing appreciation of my favourite of all breeds: the English Silver Tabby.

Winner of the Brown or Red Tabby Cat Class was Mrs. D. Fawell's red *Barwell Cayenne*.

Miss D. Culverwell's handsome Tabby *Winston* won First Prize in the Any Variety Long-Haired Cat, Household Pets' Class.



A group of Mrs. I. P. Hughes' Any Variety Short-hair Litter (Class 44) made a charming picture.

ORSON WELLES

as I see him

by Kenneth Tynan

Above is Anton's impression of Mr. Orson Welles as he appears in his film version of Othello.

NOBODY in the entertainment industry has been more generally teased and maligned than Orson Welles, whose *Othello* opened at the St. James's Theatre last week ; he is thought weird. Yet Rousseau might have described him as an average man, ready for election to a community of noble savages, sun-burnt and nomadic. For, in fact, Welles is at once as abnormal and as natural as Niagara Falls. He outgrew the playboy legend some eight years ago ; confronted with it nowadays, with the grey invasion of thirty-six years at each temple, he sulks. Then : " Hell, Barrymore died," he says, drawing back his upper lip and embracing your eyes with his smile ; " and I took over. It 's time someone relieved me." A man is judged by the people who write about him ; Welles would prefer monographs in the learned weeklies, but the gossip columns hold him hostage.

With wry extravagance he jests about this calamity ; his self-knowledge makes him, as a personality, invulnerable. He admits to being rootless ; he has no possessions, moving around Europe with nothing more permanent than a change of clothes, a parcel of books, and a boxful of unacted plays. He has nothing to bequeath ; he has forgotten his past even more readily than his apologists. " The bee is always making honey," he explains happily, making a bulky gesture as of wings flapping : " Progress continues." Vanquishingly, he laughs, pursing his eyelids and hunching his blubber shoulders ; perhaps even pounding the table. Welles hides nothing ; his mind is a bazaar, his casebook a best-seller.

He holds no mystery except the mystery of energy, which he conceals under a sloppy cloak of flaccidity. Years ago he said : " I have the dignity of a nude at high noon on Fifth Avenue " ; and the Emperor's tailor still cuts his new clothes. He is at liberty ; always open to inspection ; but talking with him is never like eavesdropping at a confessional. Sometimes he can be objective to the point of pedantry, for Welles respects his mind more genuinely than his charm.

He has genially detested Hollywood ever since, as he puts it : "*The Magnificent Ambersons* was cut in my absence by the studio janitor." The rumour that, since 1947, fear of income-tax accumulation has kept him in Europe is false : " I just like it here," he says. He is one of a tribe of Americans who have forsworn their upbringing since imbibing Europe ; he has acquired a sort of jovial reverence for our dishevelled civilisation, a reverence which is often dismayingly far from the keen, caustic iconoclasm of *Citizen Kane*. Welles belongs to the Hemingway breed of shrewd and burly buccaneers, whose eclecticism is their pride. Significantly, Hemingway's last book appals him : " I hate to see two things I love so much—Hemingway and Venicex—in such disastrous collision."

Born in 1915 in Kenosha, Wisconsin, he has come to terms with maturity by appeasement ; and the films he has directed (the last two were *The Lady from Shanghai* and *Macbeth*) have not been getting any better. For him the aromas of wines have grown distinct and treasurable ; bullfighting is now to be discussed with properly knitted brows—so many ancient things are new. In growing up, he has gained a dangerous humility towards his own talents. He shakes with laughter at his weaknesses, romps with his flaws ; art, with Welles, has become a last resort, a final alternative to living.

He remains immense. No one offers more verbal largesse over luncheon, or offers it with less reticence to everyone in the restaurant. In these lean years he has fattened and, in repose, resembles a landed whale. The body slumps like an inflated embryo ; the eyes glower without meaning ; the nose is a button ; the head tilts sumptuously back as if reclining on a houri's shoulder. One's impression is of a becalmed luxury liner. But speech transfigures him : the pedigree mane of the fighting bull bristles, and he lunges forward, breasting his paragraphs like a surf-rider, bouncing over your interpolated breakers of " But—" and " Don't you think—." His punctuation is laughter, with him an effortless cachinnation ; the shoulders rise like boiling milk, and he chokes over his own good humour, fuming like an awakened volcano ; or, more mundanely, like a fat boy at a feast. Time, meanwhile, slides by. They say that drunken men never look at their watches ; Welles's inebriation is verbal, a gesture of ease, a great coherent chuckle with echoes everywhere.

People have compared him to Thurber's Eliot Vereker, the brash intellectual whose trick it was to throw hard-boiled eggs into electric fans ; who would loudly toss off aphorisms like : " Santayana ? He 's a ton of feathers," or : " When you have said Proust was sick, you have said everything." Welles's opinions are more amiably sweeping. " Negro actors are all untalented," he will assert : " They 're musicians, but nothing else. Paul Robeson was just Brian Aherne in blackface." A minute later : " There 's no problem about *The Cocktail Party* ; it 's a straight commercial play, with a comic climax that Saki used and Evelyn Waugh used—the surprising martyrdom of a well-bred lady in exotic surroundings." What does he read most ? " You 'll think me pompous, but P. G. Wodehouse. Imagine it : a benign comic artist in the twentieth century. Nothing about personal irritations, the stuff Benchley and Dorothy Parker write about : simply a perfect, impersonal, benevolent style." Shakespeare : " I think Oxford wrote Shakespeare. If you don't agree, there are some funny coincidences to explain away . . ." Welles's conversation has the enlivening sciolism of Robert L. Ripley's " Believe it or Not " ; he has a wonderfully catalogued library of snap judgments.

More tellingly, he was an onlooker at the clumsy, poignant suicide of *The Man on the Ledge* in 1938, filmed recently under the title of *Fourteen Hours*. " I stood outside the Gotham Hotel for a long time," he says soberly, " and wanted to make a film of it. But they tell me that in the Hollywood version they give the boy a *reason* for what he did. That 's crazy : it 's the crowd in the street that needs explaining." From Welles's point of view we are the crowd, gaping and giggling and laying bets ; and he, balanced, relaxed, exposed and taking the air, is our man on the ledge. He is baffled by the fact that, after fourteen years of notoriety, we continue to stare at him. It is worth remembering that Welles gave Chaplin the germinal idea for *Monsieur Verdoux* ; based on the same theory, that it is our society, and not the individual law-breaker, that needs excuses.

Since *Citizen Kane* his search for new openings has been somehow desultory. His affection for Europe has qualified, dimmed, even muzzled his earlier forthright certainties ; and he may develop into an uproarious armchair *voyeur*. As with Coleridge, a blockage of undigested experience has dammed up creativeness ; only the tonic bile of criticism filters through to us. The changed Welles is a connoisseur—that social, wine-wise, stomach-sensitive creature without whom art could never be understood, but by whom it is so rarely hammered out. In broadening, he has become flattened ; possibly the blind, instinctive upper-cut of theatrical effectiveness is even now beyond his reach. To his friends he overflows and is Johnsonian ; but that contemporary who said that Welles is " necessarily careless " of his genius may not have been wholly wrong.

Photographed by John Vickers.

ANOTHER OTHELLO . . .

. . . comes to the Old Vic on October 31 with a brand new actor in the name-part. Douglas Campbell began his stage career with the Old Vic in 1940. Since then he has been playing in repertory, on tour, spent two seasons with the Citizen's Theatre, Glasgow, and at the Edinburgh Festival three years ago attracted attention by his performance in the *Thrie Estaites*. Now, twenty-nine, he gets his first big part on the London stage. The Old Vic production will provide an interesting comparison with the Orson Welles version at the St. James's Theatre.

" Miss Rosina Dumplington . . . is a model who wears with distinction and ease, frills and furbelows, flounces and puffs, ribbons and artificial flowers, out of which her comely shoulders, neat neck and prettily ringletted head pop up—to use a simile uncomplimentary but effective—like a seal from the surf round an islet. . . . Miss Dumplington, in spite of her name, is not a bit too plump . . ."

" MODELS OF

A slender volume dedicated to " all virtuous young ladies who pose unadorned for honest artists " is one of the most amusing books yet from the versatile brush and pen of Sir William Russell Flint. *Models of Propriety* (Michael Joseph ; 15s.) invites its readers to take a sentimental journey round the studios of Academicians,

" . . . Miss Euphemia Meeker bounced about, she leapt, she pirouetted, she turned cartwheels with a celerity and perfection denoting long practice, then, breathing heavily, she lay on her back to recover."

" . . . to depict Miss Eliza Whimple at her worst, high-kicking and sprawling, instead of at her dainty and elegant best, is, of course, deplorable to an undefinable degree."

" Oh, whither shall I run, or which way fly
The sight of this so horrid spectacle ? "

"Owing to the announcement of her engagement to Major the Honourable Henry Fitz-Maurice Ararat Rubyscrubb of the 197th Royal Dragoons, our picture of the gracious form of Miss Evangeline Spofforthe as Phryne is withdrawn out of respect for the feelings of both parties. Instead, we are privileged to present a representation of Miss Spofforthe in Social Attire."

PROPRIETY"

most of whom are dead—if, indeed, they were ever alive—and it introduces them to a series of young ladies, who will *always* be alive. The pictures, drawn in red chalk, something in the French eighteenth-century manner, and quotations reproduced here, show a little of Russell Flint's satire and sly wit.

"... she was employed by a stony-hearted but reasonably considerate water-colour Painter who had received, and to his own surprise continued to receive, authoritative approval for his groups of bathers: bathers on beaches, bathers in baths, bathers in all sorts of unlikely places, in vaults, wash-houses and again, to judge by appearances, bathers on the stages of theatres."

"... A suspicion had recently dawned on Miss Sophonisba Clarinet that her own volume was already showing just a tiny tendency towards *embonpoint*, an expressive word used by the French, though with their usual lack of consideration for Britannic difficulties in pronouncing it. There and then she decided that never again would she pose for the entire figure; in future she would confine herself to sitting for Head, Neck and Hands."

OUR BOOKSHELF

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

SCHOOL FOR LOVE. By Olivia Manning. (*Heinemann ; 10s. 6d.*)

THE ROUGH AND THE SMOOTH. By Robin Maugham. (*Chapman and Hall ; 10s. 6d.*)

EDWARDIAN SCRAPBOOK. By John Gore. (*Evans ; 18s.*)

OCCUPATION : WRITER. By Robert Graves. (*Cassell ; 12s. 6d.*)

IN one of the gayest and most readable novels to be published since the war—*School for Love*—Miss Olivia Manning really lets herself go as she tells a story set in Jerusalem in recent times, but which might have had any city or age as background. There are two—no, there is one character, for no literary figure can breathe or make itself seen or heard in the overpowering presence of Miss Ethel Bohun. She dominates the book, her small stature only emphasising the preposterous proportions of her character, so that the orphan boy, who is the protagonist of the story, becomes wraith-like against her monstrous reality. It does not matter, nor does the comparative vagueness of the other people, while we can watch this magnificent little hypocrite at her manœuvres. She is a ringleader in some religious sect of her own called the Ever-Readies, and speaks of her God as though he were the star of a film in which she plays second lead. She is able to justify to herself every action of her own, every piece of grotesque miserliness and greed, every petty intrigue and swindle. Having got possession of a house owned by some refugees she proceeds to remove them. When an old English paying-guest falls on bad times she puts him in the street, saying and believing that it is for the best, but when she discovers that he is heir to a small fortune she recaptures him. To the boy she is stingy and indifferent, taking advantage of his loneliness and grabbing most of the small sum left to him, yet seeing herself as a sweetly Christian foster-mother. She is capable, indeed nearly guilty of murder in a good cause, the cause of her own comfort and self-righteousness. She is a liar, a cheat and an evil-minded old chatterbox. Yet the reader is forced to accept her sometimes at her own valuation, and to watch fascinated as she pulls trick after trick out of the bag. This is creative comedy of a very high order, a book which will make you chuckle continuously and laugh outright sometimes—yet a book to remember.

MR. ROBIN MAUGHAM, in *The Rough and the Smooth*, goes bravely to the end of a novel which is unhappily based on something very like deception. It is permissible for the writer of a crime or adventure story to keep his reader in the dark on a salient point, so that climax is formed by the revelation of some mystery, but is this, I cannot help wondering, to be countenanced in a human comedy, the very point of which lies in its interpretation of men and motives? Mike Thompson is a barrister-journalist of such promise that a press lord, with a "chain of daily and weekly papers," commissions him, on the strength of one article on Italy, to write a weekly article for an evening paper on his convictions, ideals and faith. Mike, however, has fallen in love with a young woman rather stressfully described as being of a different class, and becomes so obsessed with this apparently charming creature whom he has met in a pub, that his ambitions and family are neglected for a time. The trick, if it is a trick, on which Mr. Maugham relies too much, using it as a means of holding the reader's attention, lies in his hedging over the character of the girl, Pat. Is she the mistress of the fat black-marketeer in whose flat she lives, and whom she introduces to Mike with such candour? Is the money she obtains from Mike as unimportant as she maintains? Is she, in fact, simply a little adventuress pretending to be fond of the really too ingenuous Mike, or is she as decent and honest as she would have him think? It all comes out in the end, of course, and the truth about her, when it is made clear, is credible and consistent, but I resent being jollied along by mystery in a book of this kind, and resent it most because such a ruse is quite unnecessary. Mr. Robin Maugham is too good a writer to need artifice of this kind, and the people he creates are too real and too human to be seen more effectively in a distorting mirror. Sometimes he is so sincere and frank, and his writing so cleverly economical, that one forgets his rather shoddy theme, and, as always, one looks forward with interest to his next book.

WISELY treating the Edwardian age as a period in social history much longer than the reign of Edward VII., in fact stretching it to include the nineties and to last till "the First World War released the social revolution," Mr. Gore's *Edwardian Scrapbook* promises only "a scrapbook, an old screen with old prints and old cuttings pasted upon it at every angle; little that is new, little original, all too much that is familiar, hardly a noble name which is not from fiction, hardly an anecdote or wise-crack which is not a household word." His book, though, is far more effective than this suggests, a beautifully evocative picture of one of the most highly-coloured periods in our history. He quotes a rather bitter contemporary American summary of England in 1909 as an opening, then whistles up all the phenomena, "the slaughter of hecatombs of tame pheasants," the coming of the V-shaped white waistcoat for men's evening dress, Lloyd George and his pensions scheme, the contemporary ballroom, the days when a young man of fashion could neither travel in a horse-bus nor carry a bulky parcel through the streets, the great cricketers of the time, the coming of the motor-car which figures in old numbers of *Punch*, where it is seen as a juggernaut, "upsetting donkey carts and flattening out old gentlemen carrying umbrellas and old women with market baskets"; the stage and its darlings, the country-house and its parties, the early aviators—all the innovations and traditions which we can remember or must imagine. Mr. Gore writes without the moping sentimentality of too many writers who approach this subject, and never paraphrases but quotes with their sources many vivid descriptions from the journalism and literature of the time.

ANY book from Mr. Robert Graves is welcome even if it contains, as *Occupation : Writer* does, only revised reprints. It is a miscellany, the proper place for which is on the bedside table, though there is nothing soporific about the sometimes rather stark short stories which it contains among essays and plays. "The Shout," for instance, which opens with a cricket match in a mental home, here sensibly called an Asylum, is cruel and macabre, while "Avocado Pears" is a horror story of another kind, every detail of which I found still vivid to me, though it must be twenty years since I read it first. The whole of "Lars Porsena or the Future of Swearing" is here in all its anecdotal delightfulness, and not in the least dated by the quarter-century which has passed since it appeared in the "To-day and To-morrow" Series. But there are recent writings, too, like the brilliant "Está en su Casa," which Mr. Graves claims to be founded on fact, or like "How Mad Are Hatters?" which he calls evidence of his etymological obsession, adding that if the accepted derivation of a word does not satisfy him he cannot resist running through half-a-dozen dictionaries in search of the real one. He closes with a cheerily cynical postscript which gives its title to the book, a title derived, he says, from his income-tax form. In it he remembers once reading that "writers and mine-owners are two notoriously sterile groups," though he boasts amiably, and not without reason, of having provided for a family of seven children. It is interspersed with imaginary dialogue between his publisher's traveller and a bookseller, who wonders why Mr. Graves never touched the life of Nero, and resolves to reduce his Graves orders. The whole book is stimulating, sometimes raw, sometimes highly polished, always truly original.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE MASK.
By William Woods. (*Longmans ; 10s. 6d.*)

A good, highly filmable novel based on the famous death-mask of an unknown girl whose body was recovered from the River Seine just after the First World War. *L'Inconnue de la Seine* has inspired a good deal of speculation and sentiment, but this is both fresh and believable.

OPERATION PAX.
By Michael Innes. (*Gollancz ; 10s. 6d.*)

Neat scholarly detection which builds up to a very lively climax in the Bodleian.

THE LONDON BOOK.
By Francis Marshall. (*Seeley Service ; 25s.*)

A fond, happy, and comprehensive portrait of London which the author illustrates himself.

LAST CHUKKER.
By J. K. Stanford. (*Faber ; 9s. 6d.*)

A sportsman's recollection of pre-war North-East Burma in the form of an illustrated story.

THE CATHERINE WHEEL. By Patricia Wentworth.
(*Hodder and Stoughton ; 10s. 6d.*)

The sixteenth mystery to be solved by one of the few acceptable women detectives, Miss Silver.

ARRIVAL IN WYCHERLY.
By Norman Denny. (*Bodley Head ; 11s. 6d.*)

Cheerful story taking place in rural surroundings and full of nice people.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

1. The nineteen-year-old daughter of Cliff Richards, and niece of champion jockey Gordon Richards, gave her racing family cause for celebration on October 11. She rode the famous old hurdler *Queensland* to a ten-lengths victory in the Newmarket Town Plate, the only race in England in which women ride as jockeys under Jockey Club rules. Her father led her in.

2. One of the most successful playwrights of to-day, André Roussin, came to London from Marseilles for the première of his comedy *Figure of Fun*, at the Aldwych on October 16. His earlier triumph, *The Little Hut*—still going strong in London—has just come off in Paris after a four-year run. Two more of his plays are in rehearsal for the London stage, two in Paris, one is touring France, another opens shortly in America.

3. Russian-born Vladimir Horowitz, one of the greatest living pianists, came recently from U.S.A. to London and thrilled a Royal Festival Hall audience. Horowitz believes in making concert-hall appearances as often and as far afield as possible, and no blandishments from radio or television companies, or offers from film magnates will induce him to fall for quick popularity.

4. In memory of the happy October day on which he completed his apprenticeship, Harry Cowley, Brighton chimney-sweep, sports a topper once a year. No wonder he is loth to forget those carefree days. His pay then was four shillings a week, but—it was enough to get married on!

1. BETTY RICHARDS (Gordon's niece) : For upholding the family winning tradition.

2. M. ANDRÉ ROUSSIN : For keeping three capitals and elsewhere supplied with his comedies.

3. HOROWITZ : For refusing the short cut to larger audiences by way of commercial radio, television or the films.

4. HARRY COWLEY : For going high-hat once a year in memory of better days.

AT THE THEATRE . .

West End Favourites

THE HOLLOW
(Ambassadors)

There was a time, in the late 'twenties and early 'thirties, when we mingled playgoing with detection as a matter of course. To-day a puzzle-piece, a living anagram, is a rarity, but still a pleasure when Agatha Christie can handle it as she does in *The Hollow.* A doctor is murdered and not generally mourned. Beyond that I will say no more except to commend to you the performances of Jeanne de Casalis (as a flutterbrain) and the entire cast.

WATERS OF THE MOON
(Haymarket)

Here Dame Sybil Thorndike gives one of my favourite performances of the year: a study, beautifully judged, of a tired, aloof widow in an edge-of-Dartmoor guest-house during a few days between Christmas and New Year. This (by N. C. Hunter) is a good, unpretentious piece, modern-Tchehov in manner, in which three sophisticated people arrive at a remote hotel, alighting for a few hours like swans on a lonely lake before they fly off again, leaving the place sadder than before. Dame Edith Evans has a flashing part, and such artists as Wendy Hiller and Kathleen Harrison are in the cast.

THE WINTER'S TALE
(Phœnix)

John Gielgud has shown in this distinguished production by Peter Brook that, after all, Leontes, Shakespeare's Sicilian King in the clench of jealousy's yellow fever, is not unplayable. No one is likely to forget Gielgud's speaking; and he has with him such people as Diana Wynyard (Hermione), Flora Robson (Paulina), and Sir Lewis Casson (in the small but difficult part of the bear-mumbled Antigonus). The revival is at once superbly and simply managed, whether in the court of Sicilia or in the Bohemian summer revels. Among the players, note a young man (John Whiting, as the Gaoler) who, as the author of *A Penny for a Song* and the hotly-discussed *Saint's Day*, is a dramatist for the future.

PENNY PLAIN
(St. Martin's)

If you have wanted to see Ronald Searle's tough, pistol-packing maidens from St. Trinian's come to life (and death), you have your wish now in the St. Martin's revue. It is one of the scenes that, with a Joyce Grenfell monologue, Rose Hill as a tone-deaf prima donna, and a view of the Family Play (written by Charlotte Mitchell), I choose at once when I remember Laurier Lister's production. There is an accomplished company—Max Adrian, as a chameleon, has long proved himself—and in so packed a programme there is bound to be something for everyone.

★ First Choice ★

A PRIEST IN THE FAMILY

(*Westminster*)

THE family is that of the Murphys; the scene—how did you guess it?—is Ireland: a little public-house near Cork which has the fortune to own Maire O'Neill as a customer. I say "own": it is more-or-less accurate, because Maire O'Neill (who is someone called Carrie Donovan) seems to be attached to the pub by an invisible chain. It is no surprise when she crops up as a daily help: how she could have existed before this, so far away from the bar, is a problem that the authors, Kieran Tunney and John Synge, do not solve.

Carrie has little to do with the theme of the play. Indeed, if she were taken from the cast, the production—though it would lose much of its light—would still be coherent as a theatrical tale. That, maybe, is a main criticism of the piece. It has a potentially moving story to tell, about a domineering mother who wanted a priest in the family for the material benefits he might bring. Yet, when the play is over, we remember the decoration, the "doodling" in the margin—and Miss O'Neill doodles enchantingly—rather than the substance of the drama itself: scenes that should have touched us to the heart.

The difficulty, I think, is (and oddly) that the authors have taken too much trouble. The play comes with the air of something that has been anxiously considered and worked over. We are so conscious of the mechanics that we are less moved than we ought to be by the sons whose mother has wantonly interfered with their lives, and by the girl whose life is blotted by the old woman's scheming.

For all this, it is a play of some strength; one that does try to attack a problem seriously. The cast responds to its authors with spirit: it is not the players' fault that at times their actions do not seem to develop naturally, but to be part of an over-detailed plan. Maureen Delany is the designing mother; Joseph O'Conor (disappointed drunkard) and Ronald Walsh (unwilling priest) are her sons. Sheila Manahan's distressed girl, whose lover is vowed to celibacy, has the quick freshness we look for in Miss Manahan's work. Possibly it was better for the girl, in the long run, that she left the kitchen and bar of Kate Murphy's pub for the typing job in Cork. But no credit for that to Aunt Kate!

Why make *A Priest in the Family* the Choice? Because it is something to argue about. Argument is good for the theatre; and the louder audiences talk this autumn as they come out into Palace Street, the better. (I have to confess that I don't live in Palace Street.)

SEAN MURPHY: We're out of your favourite—d'ye mind Jamiesons?

PATRICK MOLLOY: Fetch me a large one, like a good boy!

NORAH BLACK: I have so many old ones, the fashions work round to me again.

. with J. C. TREWIN

KATE MURPHY: Sure you're a ace hand at doin' that.

SHELAGH O'CONNOR: I won't dance with anyone else.

RORY MURPHY: Good, it's a bargain.

CARRIE DONOVAN: I put two and two together.

(Westminster Theatre)

THE WHITE SHEEP OF THE FAMILY
(Piccadilly)

YES, I sympathise with Jack Hulbert — or, let me say quickly, with the parent he plays in this farce. After all, when you are the country's First Cracksman, an artist beside whom Raffles was a dubious amateur; when you have a richly crooked family (an expert forger here, a light-fingered daughter there); when you have nurtured a tradition and are still in your prime—it is, then, I submit with sorrow, a fearful thing to have a backslider: a boy who insists upon going straight. In passably comparable circumstances, I remember, Tamburlaine killed his son on the battlefield. Mr. Hulbert is more cunning. He gets the white sheep back to the fold and a bucket of tar, though it takes him an evening to do it, and there are alarms on the way. Alarms are inevitable when, your art aside, you are also a churchwarden and a J.P., the vicar insists upon dropping in, and the white sheep gets engaged to the daughter of a key man at the "Yard." We do see life in Hampstead.

It will be gathered that Ian Hay and L. du Garde Peach have found a most promising paradox. Theatrically, they exploit it with an eager invention, even if the invention is mainly verbal and we are denied one or two scenes—a dinner-party, for example—that will certainly appear in the film. But it is a gay frisk, acted in the vein by Jack Hulbert, carefully and attractively under-playing; by Joyce Carey; and, I thought, especially by Denys Blakelock, an absent-minded vicar whose brain is a raffle of wool and whose sermons I should much like to hear. It is a high moment when he gives suddenly the toast, "To Crime!" Why? Heaven knows.

★

MANY STAGES

WE said good-bye with regret to the Jean-Louis Barrault-Madeleine Renaud company at the St. James's. No visit could have strengthened more firmly the *entente cordiale* between the theatres of London and Paris. Molière, Marivaux, Claudel, Salacrou: nothing came amiss to a cast in which we shall remember the suppleness of Barrault; Madeleine Renaud's grace; the diction of Jean Desailly, and one blazing performance by Edwige Feuillère.

Elsewhere in the West End we have had a mild blithe-spirit variation, *And This was Odd* (Criterion), by Kenneth Horne, which works one useful idea until it is paper-thin. Mary Jerrold's serenity and Raymond Huntley's glumness are the evening's pleasures. The only pleasure in a noisy, mock-Devon farce, *Waggonload o' Monkeys* (Savoy) is Esma Cannon as a half-pint-size spinster who ends as a bookmaker's clerk.

Plans for the Future

John Gielgud's plans have a welcome excitement. When the present run of *The Winter's Tale* ends at the Phœnix, this major Shakespearean is to stage—with some of his present company—his own production of *Much Ado About Nothing*, remembered affectionately from Stratford. He will appear as Benedick to Diana Wynyard's Beatrice, and there is the admirable news that Paul Scofield, best of the younger actors, will join to play Don Pedro. Later, Gielgud will produce Scofield as Richard the Second. Before these events, Gielgud will be producing a new play by Peter Watling, *Indian Summer*, which opens a tour at Brighton on November 26.

TURN OF THE CENTURY

The next Jean Anouilh play due in London is *Colombe*, which Peter Brook will produce in a version by Denis Cannan. Joyce Redman is Colombe, and Yvonne Arnaud a celebrated actress, in a play set about 1900 in a Paris theatre—on the stage and behind the scenes. It opens at Brighton on October 29. The turn of the century is also the period of Tennessee Williams's *Sunlight and Smoke*, about a minister's daughter in a Mississippi town; Peter Glenville is directing it on Nov. 22, at the Lyric, Hammersmith.

SCHOOLDAYS

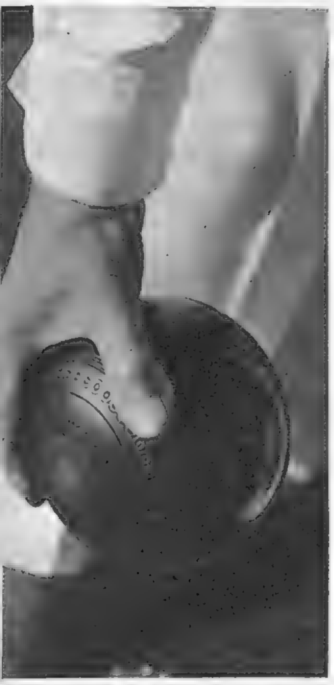
Lesley Storm, the dramatist of *Black Chiffon*, has written *The Day's Mischief*, about an adolescent schoolgirl with a "crush" on her Latin master. Norman Marshall is producing it for Alec L. Rea and E. P. Clift, and it will reach London in the middle of November, with Ian Hunter, Catherine Lacey, Walter Fitzgerald, Beatrix Lehmann and Muriel Pavlow in a fine company.

ROYAL VARIETY

Next Monday (October 29), H.M. the Queen and, probably, Princess Margaret, will see what is essentially a British programme at the Victoria Palace in the 22nd Annual Royal Variety performance. One notices such names as Gracie Fields, the Crazy Gang, Florence Desmond, Sally Ann Howes, "Monsewer" Eddie Gray, Cicely Courtneidge, Chesney Allen, in a crowded programme: the full list is a long and shining parade of Variety.

GETTING AROUND

At Drury Lane the cry is "Remember the First of November," the opening night of *South Pacific* . . . *All the Year Round*, by Neville Croft, begins this Friday (October 26) at the Duke of York's, with Yvonne Mitchell and a notable cast. . . . When *Penny Plain* registers 150 at the St. Martin's on November 5, Joyce Grenfell will have climbed 58,200 stairs — 388 a performance — during her nine quick changes.



SO THIS IS BOWLS

By Harry Mingard

The photographs illustrating this article were specially taken for "THE SKETCH" by John Topham at the recent Broadstairs and St. Peter's Open Bowling Tournament.

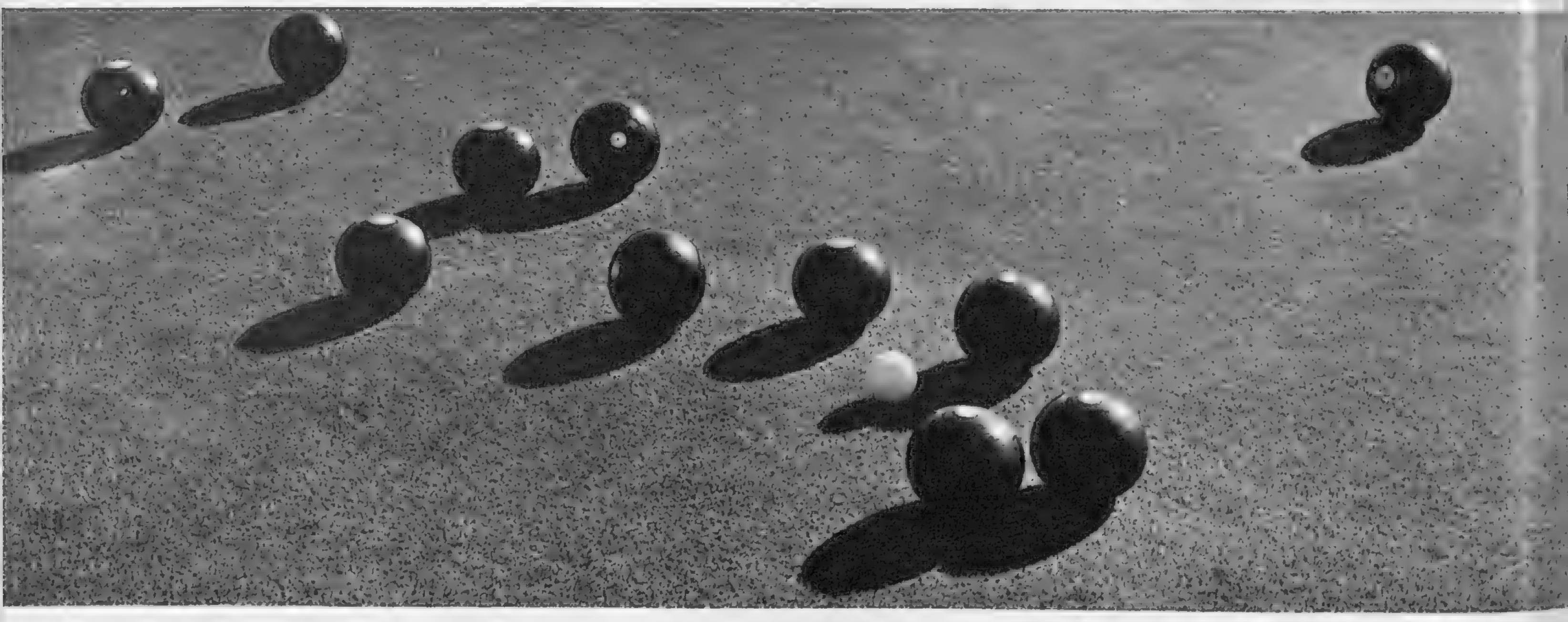
I WOULD not be convinced nor persuaded. We had been talking about the game, or, rather, he had, with an odd and usually abrupt interpolation by myself here and there, for more than half an hour. "Bowls!" I snorted, and, hoping to end the rather one-sided conversation, went on: "Just a game for old men and, I should think, one with precious little skill needed." Then came the question, the one I had secretly been dreading. "Have you ever seen the game or tried to play it?" I hauled down my colours with promptitude. There was no fight left in me. "No," I muttered. Then, full of triumph: "Perhaps you would care to see a match and then pass what I am sure will be your careful and discriminating judgment." I deserved it; I had laid myself wide open. "Very well," I replied, "I will."

We arranged to meet the next morning at his club where, apparently, the game of the year was to be played. We did meet, and in a very pleasant clubhouse he introduced me to a few members. They seemed rather a mixed lot. There was only one subject—bowls.

After a short mellowing-up process during which my host explained some of the terms, he took me to the green. I was a little startled and rather impressed. It did look a tiny corner of England. The uniformity of dress also appealed—panama hats, brims green on the underside, white shirts, with neat club ties, blue blazers with club badge on the breast pocket, white flannel trousers and shoes with special soles. Apparently, only a chap really looking for immediate slaughter would dare walk on that sacred Cumberland turf in ordinary footwear.

The two great men I had come to see were about to start and we sat down to watch. I was informed that it was a singles match—each player had four woods (not bowls), and that the first to score 21 points was the winner. That terse summing up sufficed for the time being. The white, or object ball, was called the "jack," and apparently the first of the arts was to throw it to a length best suited to yourself.

I found myself getting more interested, particularly when, during the early part of the game, my puzzlement regarding



THE END OF AN END.

ASSESSMENT.

SENDING DOWN A WOOD.

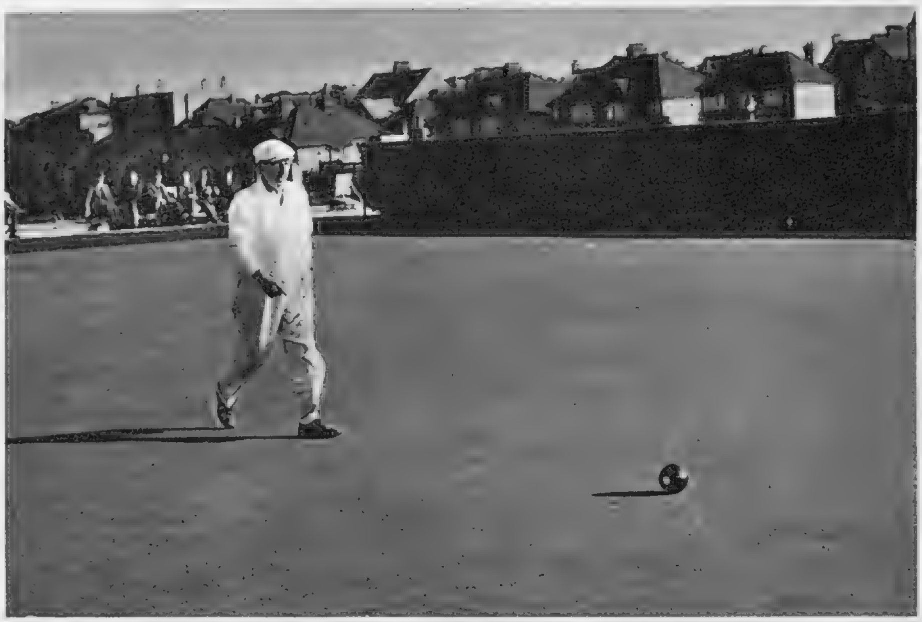
bias was to some extent cleared up. "Bit of skill needed there," I thought. And how I loved the enthusiasm and terrific concentration. After almost every delivery the player would chase his wood. He would exhort it, coax it, almost pray to it and wind himself into unbelievable contortions; even try to mesmerise it a little nearer the jack.

I asked more questions, and it seemed to be my host's turn to smile. The end really was terrific. Both players had scored 20 points, and the last wood was to be delivered. It was a lengthy business. Both had woods equi-distant from the jack—they had been carefully measured. Would another end be necessary? The last player, after due deliberation, bowled.

The silence was almost unbearable. The wood gradually curved in—it came nearer and nearer, slower and slower—silent prayers were offered up. It rolled its majestically steady way without touching another wood and then stopped. Even to my inexperienced eye it seemed to be the same distance away from the jack as the other two woods. Not a sound. Then a man walked up ponderously and importantly with a measure. He bent with a grunt and measured. The last player had just won. The tension was broken with cries of "Well bowled, Sir!" and enthusiastic hand-clapping.

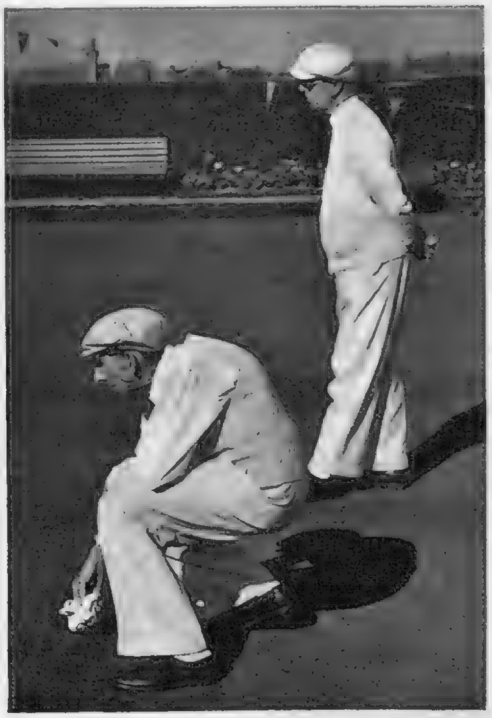
We stood up and quietly strolled back to the clubhouse. All my preconceived ideas of the game were completely shattered. I whispered to myself: "So this is bowls."

By the way, last week I won my first monthly spoon.

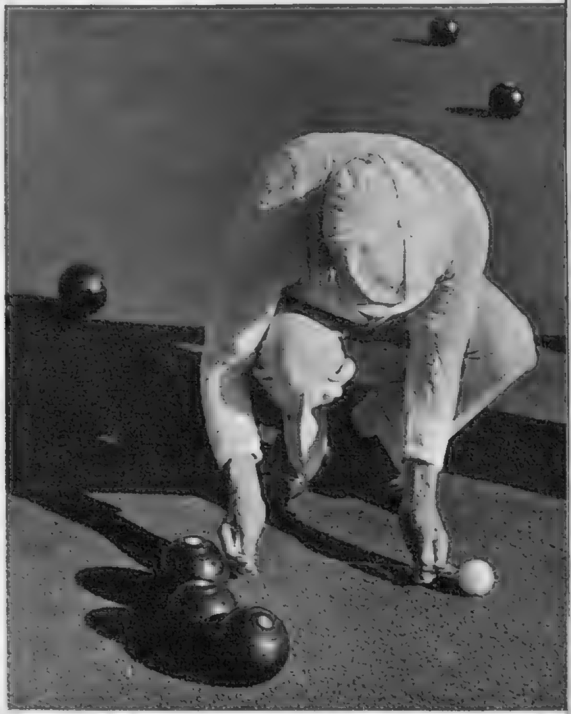


EAGERNESS.

NONCHALANCE.



EXASPERATION.



WAS IT A TIE?

Above: With an aerial 2500 ft. above sea-level and working at a peak output of 45 kilowatts, the Holme Moss television transmitter, which came into operation on October 12, is the highest and most powerful of its kind in the world. There is also a standby aerial on a 150-ft. mast (seen on the right of the main mast) with its own controls (*below*).

Though possessing no studios, Holme Moss will be used as a radio link for outside broadcasts in the North. Here two engineers are adjusting a micro-wave receiving aerial which will be used for this purpose.

TELEVISION

by CYRIL BUTCHER

WITH the opening of the new high-power transmitter at Holme Moss a further 11,000,000 of our population have been brought within the range of the B.B.C.'s television service. It is unreasonable to assume that they will all become ardent viewers, but a goodly proportion of those living within the designed area of coverage (between the East-West lines, Bridlington-Barrow in the North and Grimsby-Rhyl in the South) inevitably will. Inevitably also—we hope—readers of *The Sketch*, living in this area, will find on this page matters which will now come to be of more than purely academic concern to them. May we therefore spend a moment in introducing this column?

As if applying for a new job, we must state our own qualifications to comment on television. With due modesty we consider them adequate; they were got the hard way. We have written for the medium, helped to produce, sweated under the studio lights, tripped over cables, banged our head against hanging microphones, poked our nose into every department's business, studied the electronic miracles of television's technicalities, got to know nearly everyone of major importance, and made many friends among the hundreds who labour so loyally but unseen, unmentioned and uncredited, to make the whole thing possible. Past experience as an actor in the theatre and cinema has also helped us to appreciate difficulties and to puncture attempts at "line-shooting"!

This commentary is a task which we discharge with a full sense of responsibility to our readers. That responsibility has now enormously increased, for with the opening of Holme Moss, television has taken a great stride towards the ultimate goal of complete national coverage. This giant transmitter standing on its bleak, wind-swept site on the Pennines, 1700 ft. above sea-level, will undoubtedly give good results over a wider area than is at present anticipated. It is nearly three times as powerful as Alexandra Palace and the top of the aerial about four times as much above sea-level. Freak reception is bound to occur, and it might be well worth your while, if you live not too far outside the guaranteed area, to find out if you are one of the lucky ones. Your radio dealer will probably have some information on the matter—if not now, then within the next few months. If he hasn't, he can apply for the visit of one of the mobile testing units to your area. We have mentioned this before, but the advice is worth repeating.

The opening of the new station got off to a good start and, as far as we have heard, the £350,000 monster behaved itself well on

MRS. POTTS

By PETER ENDER

its *début.* The inaugural ceremony from Manchester Town Hall was commendably brief, and was chiefly memorable for a speech by the Chairman of the B.B.C. Governors, Lord Simon of Wythenshawe, who gave viewers the heartening news that this superb engineering achievement is British through and through.

Followed an amiable hour's programme—" Hallo Up There "—of the hotchpotch variety which aimed at introducing to Northern viewers as many as possible of the outstanding personalities with whom they can now expect to become well acquainted. To us Southerners, the natural lack of novelty was offset by the adroit handling of the programme by Messrs. W. Lyon Shaw and Bryan Sears, who flicked the pages of this preliminary scrapbook most slickly. Our chief joy was the sly take-off, by Philip Harben, of that culinary genius among clowns—Philip Harben. We also liked Head of Light Entertainment, Ronnie Waldman's effort. He lifted his Puzzle Corner feature out of the ordinary by cutting it short—not too short.

On the following evening the programme was dominated by *Northern Music Hall,* which, in turn, was dominated by Gracie Fields. Has that once fabulous voice lost some of its lustre? Do we no longer hear those incredible top notes? It does not matter, for, above all, Gracie is a superb artist, a lovable personality, a great star, and does she know *how* to sing! To support her was a first-rate bill headed by Donald Peers, of whom we would like to see much more in television. We were also happy to be introduced to the Yorkshire comic Albert Modley, who only needs to be toned down and quickened up to make him a likeable addition to TV comedy. Richard Afton produced in a straightforward, unfussy way, but we thought the ostentatious advertisement of his own name—in view of the giants who had been performing—a little flamboyant.

The Sunday night play on this historic week-end was Rudolf Besier's *The Barretts of Wimpole Street.* Happily, both the play and its performance were worthy of the occasion, and the North was shown one of the finest examples of what television drama can do. For the delicacy, simplicity and economy of his production Harold Clayton deserves a laurel wreath all to himself. But he must share it with three others: Pauline Jameson as the delicate Elizabeth Barrett, Griffith Jones as Browning, and D. A. Clarke-Smith as the " dreadfully different " Papa Barrett. This was a trio of performances one is not likely to see equalled for a long time.

"WITH BEST WISHES"

It is by no means too early to think of Christmas presents—especially for friends overseas. Those in search of a present likely to be appreciated will find that a year's subscription to "THE SKETCH" provides an ideal gift.

Each fortnight as the new copy arrives, the recipient will be reminded afresh of the kind thought and good wishes of his or her friend at home in Britain. Orders for subscriptions for "THE SKETCH" to be sent overseas can be handed to any good-class newsagent or bookstall, or sent direct to The Subscription Department, "The Sketch," Ingram House, 195-8, Strand, London, W.C.2, including the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent and the price of the subscription (to include the Christmas Number): Canada, £2 19s.; Elsewhere abroad, £3.

Skipper Next to God, by Jan de Hartog, proved a powerful sea-drama concerning the problem of landing a party of Jewish refugees on American territory. (L. to r.) Wensley Pithey, Anthony Forwood, Thomas Heathcote, Frederick Piper, John Gariel, James Wright and Maurice Bannister.

The *Ballet Espagnol of Pilar Lopez,* after completing a successful short season at the Cambridge Theatre, were seen in a half-hour television programme produced by Christian Simpson. Here Pilar Lopez is dancing a Flamenco, one of the traditional dances of Spain.

Excerpts from our Social Diary

OCT. 3.—First-nighters at the Westminster for première of *A Priest in the Family*, by Kieran Tunney and John Synge, included, *left*, Lord Dalkeith with Merle Oberon, who has known his parents, the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, for some years; has stayed at Drumlanrig. With glamorous lace-decked black dress the star wore diamond ear-rings, necklace. She 's here to film an English film translation of Stefan Zweig's fascinating story *Vingt-quatre Heures de la Vie d'une Femme*. Lord Dalkeith, who enthused over the play, is a friend of part-author John Synge. *Right:* Kieran Tunney chatted in foyer with H.E. the Greek Ambassador, M. M. Melas.

OCT. 3.—Also at the Westminster's première were, *left*, Lady Howe, sitting with Lady Carisbrooke, who went on to party thrown in his St. John's Wood studio for the cast of the play, by portrait-painter Sir Oswald and Lady Birley. The studio was filled with portraits of the famous; especially interesting being that of General "Ike" Eisenhower. Lady Birley is a cousin of John Synge, co-author of *A Priest in the Family*. *Right:* Among other first-nighters were Lady Elizabeth Longman, daughter of the late tenth Earl of Cavan by his second marriage, seen with Mr. Mark Bonham-Carter, son of that brilliant speaker Lady Violet, who, standing as a Liberal for the Colne Valley constituency, has Conservative support.

OCT. 3.—At Chelsea's Royal Hospital Chapel Miss Penelope Georgina Crossley, daughter of the late Anthony Crossley, M.P., and of Mrs. Crossley, of 26, Mallord Street, Chelsea, married Major Henry R. Callander, late The Coldstream Guards, son of Major and Mrs. W. H. Callander, of Preston Hall, Ford, Midlothian. Lady Tweedsmuir, again contesting South Aberdeen constituency, interrupted hard week's work to be present at her niece's wedding. Reception: in the Governor's House, Royal Hospital, by permission of General Sir Bernard and Lady Paget. Amusing contrast in train-bearers was provided by some Chelsea Pensioners, who held bride's train of ivory slipper satin as she left church, and the official ones, on right.

OCT. 4.—At Harringay's "Horse of the Year" Show, *left*, ridden by Mr. C. Beard, is Miss Dorothy Paget's *Eforegit*, winner of the title Leading Show Jumper of the Year in a jump-off with clear rounds. *Right:* Britain's team—chosen at Harringay—for next year's Olympic Games at Helsinki; l. to r., Colonel Harry Llewellyn with *Foxhunter*, Mr. Alan Oliver, Mr. W. White. Final, most thrilling event of the evening was the *Puissance* test jumping, in which, after series of magnificent performances, Colonel Llewellyn on *Foxhunter*, and Chevalier d'Orgeix on French Anglo-Arab *Arlequin*, tied and tied again. In the end *Foxhunter* upheld his own and his country's prestige by a final clear round.

OCT. 4.—Champagne party at Knightsbridge's *Brief Encounter*, when Miss Sarah Henderson, daughter of Colonel the Hon. Michael Henderson, celebrated opening of new snack and supper bar—the Débutante Bar—her own enterprise in the one-time garden now glassed over to form a pre-theatre, pre-cinema meeting-place where young men can take girl-friends for moderately-priced meal. Party was a real crush. Up and down stairs, in and out, drifted England's prettiest debs., ex-debs. and escorts. On *left* Lord Vivian's daughter Sally Ann, handed a snack to Sara Spenser, with Colin Baillieu intervening. *Right:* hostess Miss Henderson dispensed champagne to Lord Dufferin's daughter, Lady Caroline Blackwood, with Miss Doon Plunket, left.

OCT. 6.—Pretty wedding at St. Lawrence Church, Lindridge, Worcestershire, of Mr. Frederick C. Davenport Price, only son of Major H. Davenport Price, M.C., J.P., and Mrs. Davenport Price, of Abbots Manor, near Worcester, to Miss Iris H. M. Walker, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Walker, of Woodston Manor, near Tenbury Wells, Worcs.

OCT. 6.—Graceful in her 100-year-old wedding-dress was Miss Una-Mary Nepean-Gubbins, only child of Mrs. Nepean-Gubbins, of 11, Emperor's Gate, and Mr. H. P. N. Gubbins, after her wedding to Mr. A. H. Parker, only son of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Parker, of St. Leonard's Lodge, Clewer Green, Windsor, and grandson of the late Prebendary the Hon. Archibald and Mrs. Parker.

Excerpts from our Social Diary (Continued)

OCT. 8.—Fog over Worplesdon delayed the start of the Worplesdon Open Scratch Mixed Foursomes Tournament, but the sun came out later and weather couldn't have been more brilliant. The day's play was very "open" indeed, and on the whole not too exciting. In my picture contestants shown are, l. to r.: Mr. W. J. Girardet, partnering Miss Jacqueline Gordon, who were beaten by the pair on right, Mrs. A. Keiller and Brigadier A. C. Giles, at the nineteenth.

OCT. 11.—Worplesdon. Final of the Open Scratch Mixed Foursomes—and its thirtieth anniversary! Here are the winners: Mrs. Barclay, of Home Park Golf Club, and Mr. George Evans, of Hook Heath Artisans' Club, receiving the Cup from Worplesdon's captain, Mrs. Stedall. Playing with deadly precision, they beat Mrs. Peel and Mr. Mackie by two holes. It was an excellent match.

OCT. 11.—Hard at work at Banbury Conservative H.Q. w s Lady Rosemary Spencer-Churchill, the Duke of Marlboroug s twenty-two-year-old daughter, helping the campaign for T y candidate Mr. Dodds-Parker. With her is his agent, Mr. Br e. In the evenings she drove speakers to outlying districts.

OCT. 11.—Enthralling topic for to-night on TV sets was discussion between Mr. Somerset Maugham and Graham Sutherland, who painted the famous portrait shown. As sitter and artist they exchanged views. Mr. Maugham clearly voiced his opinion in no uncertain manner.

OCT. 13.—A piper played from St. Martin-in-the-Fields after their wedding, Captain Frederick J. Burnaby-Atkins, The Black Watch, son of the late Mr. John Burnaby-Atkins, and of Mrs. Burnaby-Atkins, of Tolethorpe Hall, Stamford, Rutland, and the Hon. Jennifer Lawrence, daughter of Lord and Lady Oaksey, Hill Farm, Oaksey, Wiltshire.

OCT. 13.—At Cootham Farm, Parkham, near Storrington, Sussex, for the Crawley and Horsham Hunt Hunter Trials, Miss P. Burrell (left) and Miss G. Burrell, impeccably turned out, watched the jumping from a vantage-point. *Right* (l. to r.): Competing in Class 4, Hunt Teams, were the King's Troop R.H.A. horses *No Wonder*, Lieutenant Holland up, *Camello*, Lieutenant Morgan up, and *Liza Mandy*, Major Weldon up, entered for the Belvoir.

OCT. 15.—There's lots more to the Earls Court Motor Show than just cars! Women's driving fashions, for instance, are most important items; their dogs, too, have a liking for homogeneity. At a recent pre-Motor Show parade of wool fashions held at Nuffield House, Lady Boyle modelled this ombre beaver fur-fabric coat, and her shy, chic poodle was dressed in a coat to match, as they say.

OCT. 15.—At Bond Street's Cooling Galleries an exhibition by the Society of Animal Painters, Sculptors and Engravers. Here is Lady Munnings' distinguished *Black Knight* held by Miss May B. Lee, who painted his portrait. The P.P.R.A. showed some unexpected and admirable oil studies of sheep. Two charming Siamese cats were shown by Agnes Miller Parker.

OCT. 16.—At St. Peter's, Eaton Square, the Hon. Robin Hugh Warrender, son of Lord Bruntisfield and Dorothy Lady Bruntisfield, married Miss Gillian Rossiter, daughter of Mr. Leonard Rossiter and Mrs. Elisa Rossiter, of 26, Lowndes Street, W.1. The bride's two small pages were Matthew and Anthony Devlin, and, on right, her six bridesmaids: the Hon. Antonia Pakenham, the Misses Veronica Naylor-Leyland, Julia Ranger, Virginia Tate, Jemima Pitman, and Venetia Murray. The Hon. Anthony Berry was best man.

★ AT THE CINEMA ★

with C. A. LEJEUNE

IT was inevitable that somebody, sooner or later, would make a film about Field-Marshal Rommel, whose career was nothing if not colourful, and whose end was wrapped in mystery; but the film has come sooner than one expected. For a British audience to look objectively at *Rommel—Desert Fox* (produced in Hollywood, with James Mason in the name-part) and judge it, without prejudice, on its merits as a picture, demands a certain amount of deliberate adjustment and conscious effort, and if the spectator feels himself unable to make this adjustment and summon up this effort, he were far wiser to keep away from the picture, and save himself unnecessary irritation and pain.

Rommel is based on Desmond Young's book about the Field-Marshal, and it must be grasped from the outset that its purpose is to show the climax of the war, and the defeat in the west, as a nation's tragedy, and not, as we are accustomed to think of it, as a deep relief from menace. Here the Allies are the enemies, and the Third Reich is the Fatherland; Montgomery and Eisenhower are the men who must be outwitted; the Atlantic wall and the divisions in field-grey are, or should be, the safeguards against destruction. This is history and cartography reoriented; the war seen from the east looking westwards; from the German, though not, it must be emphasised, from the Nazi point of view.

If this premise can be accepted, it is possible to regard *Rommel* as a very good film indeed; intelligent, smartly written, philosophical and extraordinarily powerful. It is not to be expected, where so much is still so dark, and so many voices that might have told the truth have been silenced, that all its facts should be fully authenticated. It may be a long time before we find out exactly how Rommel was implicated in the plot against Hitler, and precisely how he met his death, if, indeed, we ever do find out; we can only say that the manner of these things suggested in the picture, and presumably accepted by Desmond Young as the result of his post-war investigations in Germany, appears to be highly plausible, and indeed very probable, and bears out the known character of the Field-Marshal both as a soldier and a man.

There is no question but that James Mason has given long thought and sympathetic understanding to every aspect of his Rommel, and if there are moments when a glimpse of the star of the silver screen shows through, they are rare enough to be forgiven, and the portrait is, taken by and large, the strongest that Mr. Mason has ever drawn; uncommonly restrained, moving but never sentimental.

Sir Cedric Hardwicke scores with great effect as the Field-Marshal's old friend, Dr. Karl Strolin, Lord Mayor of Stuttgart, a thinker whose cold, relentless logic eventually argues down the scruples of a man who believes that "a soldier has but one function in life, to carry out the orders of his superior officer." Best of all, perhaps, is Leo G. Carroll's dry sketch of the disillusioned, resigned von Rundstedt, "too old to challenge authority, however evil." We cannot possibly tell whether the real von Rundstedt talked like this to the real Rommel on the crumbling defences of the West Wall, about the Bohemian corporal and his conduct of war by horoscope ("You know how firm corporals are"), nor whether he actually observed that "victory has a hundred fathers, defeat is an orphan." But if he didn't, then he certainly should have done.

A war film of a very different kind comes to London simultaneously from a British studio. This is *Appointment With Venus*, which deals in a light-hearted way with a fictional incident during the German occupation of the Channel Islands. Please don't misunderstand me. I don't mean to convey, and neither do the producers of the film, that the occupation of the Channel Islands was in itself a thing to be treated light-heartedly. The shadow of the steel helmet falls dark across the picture here and there, and the stubborn passive resistance of the islanders is never in danger of being minimised. But the story itself is a cheerful, almost a gay one, and the dialogue and treatment often flippant.

Venus is a cow. She is no ordinary cow, however, but a prize cow, a triumph of breeding; "a flawless animal with a pedigree as noble as the Kings of Ireland," and a distinctive marking, like a tree in bloom, that makes every cattle-fancier swoon with rapture. What is more, she is in calf by a champion bull, one Mars of Mellowbury III., since deceased through treading on a land-mine.

Now Venus is the pride of Armorel, one of the smaller Channel Islands (which looks remarkably like Sark to the experienced eye), and the Ministry of Agriculture is keen to whisk her back to England before the German commander can whisk her off to the Third Reich. So a raiding party is organised by Combined Operations, with Major David Niven in charge, and A.T.S. cook Glynis Johns, who is the sister of Armorel's Suzerain and has known Venus cow and calf, as his chief assistant and local guide. The rest of the film deals with the successful conduct of the raid, and we are left with the happy knowledge that mother and child are doing well, and major and cook doing far from badly.

Appointment With Venus is a bit of nonsense, of course, but not without its own small charm. The acting seldom grates for an instant, and in the case of George Coulouris, as the German commander who knows cattle as well as he knows the map of the Western Front, and of Barry Jones, as the anxious Provost of Armorel, it is just about as good of its sort as it can be. The screen-play by Nicholas Phipps, whose deceptively idling sharpness picturegoers first encountered in *Spring in Park Lane* and *Maytime in Mayfair*, is clearly the work of a man who wants every word to do its job, and the pictures of Sark—I 'm sorry, I mean Armorel—are lovely.

A real treat for opera-lovers is the Italian film version of Rossini's rarely-done work *Cinderella* (*La Cenerentola*). Since the war, Italy has produced a number of these film operas, generally with principals from La Scala, Milan, and chorus and orchestra from the Opera House, Rome. About half-a-dozen of them so far have slipped into England, and one or two specialised cinemas have had the enterprise to show them, although the trade as a whole has given them the cold shoulder, thereby demonstrating, to my mind, an utter misconception of the needs of English audiences and their musical taste.

Cinderella is in every way the best of the Italian operas we have seen so far. I am inclined to doubt whether it would be the most popular, even if it were given wide circulation; for, as every operatic touring company knows, audiences have a solid affection for the scores they know, such as *Faust* and *Pag.* and *Rigoletto* and *La Bohème*. *Cinderella* is a work that is hardly ever done in this country, and its airs, at first hearing, are not readily hummable; but to the discerning ear the music is fully rewarding; and in this case the film "visuals" are almost as good as the music.

A variant of the familiar Cinderella story is told, with the most eloquent mime and the barest minimum of sub-titles, against a background, beautifully contrived, of eighteenth-century Italy. Post-synchronisation and dubbing have been done with a skill that retains conviction while allowing great freedom of movement. The situation is made clear, and the characters introduced, during the playing of the overture. We see the magician—and what a magnificent figure Enrico Formichi makes him!—casting his charms to find for the Prince a bride who is as good as she is beautiful. We meet Cinderella and her elder sisters, who are not ugly here, but vain and idle, during the breakfast hour at their father's castle. We watch the Prince as he changes costumes with Dandini, and sets out disguised on his adventure of courtship. Gino del Signore as the handsome Prince, and that splendid actor Afro Poli as Dandini, provide their own singing, while the superb mezzo-soprano voice of Fedora Barbiere executes the cadenzas that seem to come from Lori Randi's picturesque person and inviting lips.

★

OUR SPECIAL CHRISTMAS NUMBER

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On November 15—for the first time for many years, we are publishing a special Christmas Number, price 3s. 6d. In this issue Christmas is portrayed comparatively, romantically and satirically, in article, verse and drawing. Lady Bath writes on "Christmas at Longleat—70 Years Ago," with accompanying drawings by Ronald Searle; Alan Melville's satirical verse "Every Christmas" is decorated by Michael ffolkes. There are scenes from *Cinderella* as portrayed by the Sadler's Wells Ballet, and by Walt Disney. The Christmas Story—a Bethlehem allegory—is told in his own way by John Davies, with illustrations by J. S. Goodall. There is a clever Christmas short story, a play specially written for *The Sketch* by Peter Ustinov, many joke-drawings, and some stylish winter fur fashions.

Photographed by Karsh.

RODGERS AND HAMMERSTEIN CREATED "SOUTH PACIFIC"

"South Pacific," latest musical success of the famous partnership, opens at Drury Lane on November 1. It has run on Broadway since 1949, and Mary Martin, the original star, is star of the London production. Two American well-knowns making their London début are light opera star Wilbur Evans and comedian Ray Walston. Librettist Oscar Hammerstein (left), born in New York City in 1895, has written very many successful plays; one you 'll remember is *Rose Marie*. Richard Rodgers, who began composing twenty years ago, also had much success. The pair first joined up artistically with *Oklahoma!*; they work in closest collaboration, and their association has for parallel only England's world-renowned Gilbert and Sullivan.

Clothes and the Car

by

Ann Murray

These photographs show fashions in clothes with fashions in cars—clothes which every woman will want to wear this winter. Fashionably right, "clothes and the car" have been selected to fit the occasion—town or country, sport or travel, or whatever it may be.
With more women at the wheel, well over two million cars are in use in Great Britain to-day—big ones and little ones; old pre-war models and the latest types. Examples from the many fine and elegant models exhibited at the Motor Show at Earls Court are shown in these pages.

(*Above.*) TAILORED QUALITY: Obviously admiring the new 1952 Bentley Saloon and studying its finer points . . . the girl (left) wears a classic suit tailored in barathea by *Simon Massey*. Matching velvet appliqué accentuates collar and pockets. About £27. From Peter Robinson, London; The House of Mirelle, Hull. (*Right.*) A *Dorville* suit in superfine saxony flannel in dark grey, with erinoid buttons on short belted jacket. The flat-pleated skirt is mounted on a fitted basque. About £34 from Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street; Samuels of Manchester.
Hats by Pissot and Pavy

(*Right.*) FASHIONABLY RIGHT FOR TRAVEL OCCASION: *Aquascutum's* crombie fleece coat (left) shows the new straighter cut, with deep raglan sleeves trimmed with cuff effect. The shoulder seam, trimmed in the same way, accentuates the raglan line. 35 guineas. The coat by *Brenner* (right), in thick ripple cloth, is cut with a smooth rounded shoulder, a mandarin style neck with wide, wide sleeves and lavish cuffs. At Dickins and Jones, Regent Street; and Samuels of Manchester. About 36 guineas.
Luggage by Revelation.
The Humber Hawk in the background shows ample luggage accommodation in the boot of the car, an especially notable feature of this marque.
Photographed at De Havilland's, Hatfield.

(*Left.*) AT THE CLUBHOUSE : For freedom of movement, the model (right) wears a divided skirt in grey worsted, £9 15s. ; the reversible golf jacket of proofed cotton gaberdine has a detachable hood, £7 16s. The girl on the left wears *Daks* with their famous patent waistband, man-tailored on slim lines, from £6 10s., with a soft wool twin set in beige (and other colours), from £4 4s. 9d.
The leather golf shoes have moulded rubber soles, £5 2s. 6d. All from Simpson's, Piccadilly, including the golf clubs. The car is the 1952 Morris Minor Convertible.

Fashion Studies exclusive to "THE SKETCH."

Photographs by Studio Sun.

(*Right.*) OUT AND ABOUT with the new Zephyr Six Saloon from Ford of Dagenham. The waisted coat with back fullness is tailored by Harella in black facecloth. Velvet touches spark the collar and pockets. About £27. From Peter Robinson, London ; J. F. Taylor of Bristol. The casual hanging, full back coat by *Travella* is in heavy duvetine. The bolero effect collar is of platina fox. Coat approximately £32 ; the fur about £45.
Photographed outside White's Hotel, Lancaster Gate.

(Continued overleaf.)

Clothes and the Car (Continued)

EVENING SPLENDOUR

Seen at the Dorchester

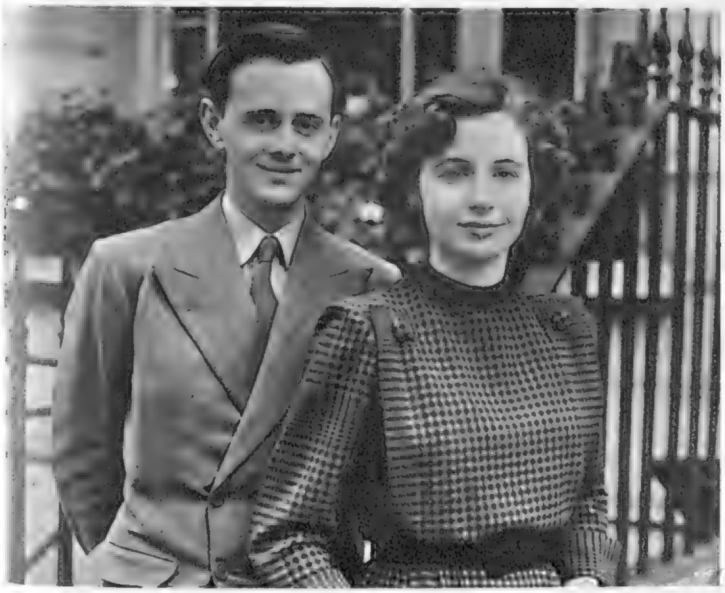
Left: Moiré grosgrain in dusky pink is used for this wide and handsome ball dress by *Mercia*. The bodice and peplum are embroidered in blister pearls and crystal beads dyed to match the fabric. The blue mink stole is from Maxwell Croft, London. *Right:* Long and slender—a classic evening gown in white and gold pure silk brocade. The skirt is draped smoothly around the hips and swathed to the back, creating a bustle effect. From *Harrods*. The diamonds worn by both models are from S. Lampard and Son, London. The car is the Austin "Princess" Saloon with the luxurious Van den Plas body.

Engagements

Doryne, daughter of the late Col. Malby Crofton, and Mrs. Crofton, of 6, Ennismore Mews, S.W.7, is to be married to William Castle Cleary, A.R.I.B.A., son of Sir William and Lady Castle Cleary, of 29, Denbigh Gardens, Richmond, on November 3 at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.

Eleanor Ann, daughter of the late Douglas C. Bulloch, The Black Watch, and of Mrs. Bulloch, of Cottage of Free, Tomatin, Inverness-shire, is marrying next month John, son of Capt. J. E. Glynne-Percy, of Montreal, Canada, and the late Mrs. Glynne-Percy.

Jennifer, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bailey Southwell, of Crocodile Leap, Johannesburg, S.A., is engaged to the Hon. Robin Rathmore Plunket, second son of the late Lord and Lady Plunket, of Mount Offham, West Malling, Kent. Her fiancé is twenty-five and managing director of a building company he and his brother, Capt. Lord Plunket, Equerry to the King, formed three years ago.



Jane, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Hodder-Williams, of 82, Cadogan Place, S.W.1, has announced her engagement to Richard, son of Sir Oliver and Lady Welby, of Denton Manor, Grantham. Jane's father is a well-known publisher. She is nineteen and one of last year's debs. Her fiancé is training for Chartered Accountancy; was at Eton and Christ Church Oxford Wedding: Feb. 8 at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.

The Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Fisher's third son, Mr. Charles Douglas Fisher, who is a Science Master at Harrow School, became engaged recently to twenty-two-year-old Anne, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. I. S. Hammond, of Southern Rhodesia. She is a student of music. Her father, a tobacco planter, is now in London with his wife.

TALES WITH A STING

IT'S A MAD, MAD WORLD!

By Ronald R. Smith

HE had an air of melancholy gaiety—or perhaps it was more of a gay melancholy. Now and then he yawned ecstatically, throwing his head back, tears coming into his eyes. He had the noble, craggy profile of a Roman orator of the great days. And he had his eye—green and glassy—on me.

Finally he stood up and carrying a tankard half-full of beer, progressed magisterially across the saloon bar.

"We have met somewhere before," he said, bowing. "India, Spain, China, Ellis Island?"

"I don't recollect it."

"Nevertheless you are a man of understanding." He sat down.

"I'm not really, not particularly."

"With all respect allow me to contradict you." He yawned fantastically and wiped his eyes. "Do you believe in gipsies?"

"Believe in them?"

"In their prog-nos-tic-ations?"

"Not fervently."

"My position also. My attitude succinctly expressed. Nevertheless . . ." He projected his lower jaw an inch-and-a-half, forming a sort of spout, and poured some beer into it.

"Nevertheless, I must tell you some time ago I bought a bunch of flowers made of wood-shavings and twigs from a gipsy girl. Now, my wife is very beautiful but quite mad—not pedestrianly but regally, exquisitely. Which makes her preference in artificial flowers for those nasty, tawdry things of paper and wire quite extraordinary. But I digress. . . . This gipsy, with her strange, wild eyes, said to me: 'To-night, kind gentleman, you will have a dream. Pay attention to it. It will bring you wealth and happiness.'

"I laughed." He laughed in fact; it was the gay-sombre laugh of a brave man who knows himself to be a plaything of fate. "Yes, I laughed. And dismissed it from my mind. Yet the next morning, when I awoke to the sound of all the cocks in Hampshire greeting the new day, the first thought that came into my mind was: What did I dream last night?"

He yawned like a tragically bored lion, wiped his eyes and emptied the remainder of his beer into his lower jaw. He leaned forward: "I was forced to the conclusion that I had dreamed nothing."

He looked at me, making his eyes round. I began to button my raincoat and said: "A most interesting experience."

He waved me back into my seat with his right hand and simultaneously beckoned to the waiter with his left. He was wearing an enormous wrist-watch covered with fingers and dials and with studs all round the edge which probably told the barometric pressure and the temperature, in addition to the time, date and phases of the moon. He regarded it with great pride and affection as it glittered in the light.

"Beer for my friend and I," he said to the waiter. Then he lay back in his chair with his eyes shut, holding the bridge of his nose between his forefinger and thumb.

When the beer came he opened his eyes and said: "We will drink to Life. Do you mind?"

"Not at all."

"To Life!" He raised his tankard. "The Great Mother River whose mysterious flow suffuses, permeates and interpenetrates all animate things alike, so that you, I, a cowslip, a camel, a retired colonel are all brothers."

He lowered his tankard and went on as though there had been no interruption. "But we *always* dream. I had that from an army psychiatrist—who certainly should know, with the sort of face he had. Well, that thought came into my head that morning, and I was just making it known to myself when I heard a voice—obviously coming to me as a recollection from a dream I had had but had already forgotten, and with an atrociously meticulous Cambridge accent, saying: 'You will go to the corner by the Corn Exchange at midnight where you will hear something to your advantage.'"

He shrugged his shoulders enormously and raised his eyebrows, playing the rôle of sceptic to his own story. "Fantastic! I awoke Elvira, my wife, sleeping there with all the childish innocence of a mad queen. 'Elvira, my child,' I said. 'I have had a dream.' And I told her what it was. 'Peter, you idiotic old thing,' she said, 'go back to sleep. The milkman hasn't been yet.' She is quite incapable of drinking tea without milk, you know."

He sat back with his eyes closed again, presumably to consider this severe shortcoming in his beautiful but mad wife.

"You went to the Corn Exchange, I take it?" I said.

He smiled, and like everything else about him it was cataclysmic: it disintegrated his face, broke it down, left it momentarily a noble ruin. "I went, yes. In the spirit of sceptical enquiry." He looked lovingly at his elaborate watch and then frowned, glanced at the door and began to talk more quickly.

"I hung about for the Lord knows how long. Cool, clear night. Not a soul about. Silent and grave as a cemetery. Do you know that it's my opinion that the houses huddle together after midnight? Anyway, I went finally and sat in a corner of the Corn Exchange steps and a policeman came up and said: 'Now then. May I ask what you are doing here?' I said I was waiting for a friend. 'She won't come now,' he said. 'You can take that from me.' I rather liked the sound of his voice; it had the timbre of quite unusual integrity. So I led him under a gas-lamp and looked into his face. His eyes were very wide apart. That's always an excellent sign. So I confided in him. He laughed. But not unpleasantly. Very much as I expected a man with eyes placed like that would laugh. He said: 'It's a very attractive idea, it's a temptation. But never believe in dreams. Take me, for instance.' And in the friendliest possible way he told me of a dream he had had only two nights previously.

"He dreamed that he had been sent at a moment's notice to help to control a race crowd. But when he got there the enormous throng took absolutely no notice of him at all. They just simply walked into him, over him, just simply trampled him underfoot. And when they had all passed over him he found himself lying there in the deserted street, absolutely alone, lying there under an empty grey sky. Even the buildings seemed to lean away from him. And he could not move, for though he could feel no pain, he knew that one of his legs was broken. He lay there in absolute silence, thinking that he was going to die. Then he saw a speck in the sky. It grew larger and larger, and then it began to drop like a plummet directly over him. He wanted to close his eyes, but he kept them open, and as the thing grew larger he saw that it was a doctor. The old-fashioned kind. Frock coat, striped trousers, tall silk hat, boots. The boots were dusty, the trousers very slightly frayed, the frock coat a little threadbare; even the pair of great swan's wings that sprouted out of his shoulders were a bit ragged at the edges.

"The doctor fluttered down and landed beside the policeman: 'My poor Walter,' he said. 'What have they done to you?' The policeman explained. The doctor nodded sympathetically. Then he took a tube out of his little black gladstone bag. He squeezed a ribbon of white cream out of it on to the broken leg—without rolling up the trousers, on to the cloth—and rubbed it in gently with the tips of his fingers, telling the policeman that it was the latest thing from America. It was made from a marine fungoid growth found on ships' cables, still in the more or less experimental stages, but it was already working miracles, though it sometimes made the patient's teeth fall out and gave him the curious impression that he was walking backwards. As he talked he rubbed, and when all traces of the cream had disappeared, he said: 'Now, my poor Walter, I think you will find yourself all right.' And indeed the policeman got to his feet and felt completely well. The doctor put the tube back into his little gladstone, smiled, said: 'You'll receive the usual forms from me in due course,' and took off on his great white pinions as silently as an owl.

"Naturally I asked the policeman if there were any sequel. He laughed. 'No sequel,' he said. 'And there's not going to be. Despite the fact that in the two-thirty race at Graintree to-morrow there's a horse running at 16 to 1 called *Poor Walter*.'

"I told him he was mad so to spurn a manifest whisper of providence. 'We shall know who is mad and who is not before three o'clock to-morrow,' he said.

"I hurried home. Elvira was toasting cheese—she can eat absolutely anything at any time and then sleep like an angel. When I told her about the policeman she said, in her delightfully irresponsible way: 'My poor Peter, without even going to bed at all I foresee a period of famine overtaking us.' I kissed her enchanting, befuddled head and said: 'On the contrary, my little one, I shall soon have the pleasure of buying you a new fur coat.'

"The first thing in the morning I got on to my bookmaker. He let me go up to a hundred and fifty quid, but he'd only give me twelve to one." He laughed his brave, hopeless laugh.

Looking over his shoulder I saw the door open and an incredibly beautiful young woman enter. Her hair actually was the colour of a polished English chestnut. She was wearing an old putty-coloured riding mack with a right-angular tear in the left sleeve, and she had a bright Paisley scarf at her throat. My man was obviously waiting for me to say something, so I said: "It didn't win?"

He yawned again, another tear-squeezing convulsion, and fervently pressed his wrist-watch with his right hand. Meanwhile the young woman was standing just inside the doorway, perfectly composed, her hands in her pockets, surveying the room.

"The poor, ill-starred creature," my man said, "broke its leg at the fourth fence."

"Hi there!" the young woman suddenly called across the room.

My man turned slowly round, furiously caressing his watch. "My exquisite jewel of a wife," he said in a sober whisper.

When she saw that she had his attention the young woman grinned the merriest grin I have ever seen on a woman's face. What gave it such devastating piquancy was the grave perfection, the almost awesome symmetry of its setting. Then she called the whole distance across the saloon bar, over the heads of at least a dozen people: "It's all right, Peter, my pet. You needn't sell your watch. Mrs. Babbington is going to buy my chinchilla. Are you coming?"

"My divinely demented little moon-calf," he muttered, and let go his watch now that it was safe. He beamed across the room at her as a mountain crag might beam at the moon. "At once," he said. He stuck out his chin and emptied his tankard into the spout. Then he leaned over me. "Rank outsider won. Thirty-three to one." He made a horrible grimace like a monstrous child swallowing a draught of bitter medicine. "Horse called *Doctrinaire*. *Doctrinaire!* Oh, it's a mad, mad world!"

He made off towards the dazzling vision in the doorway, knocking over a chair or two in his progress.

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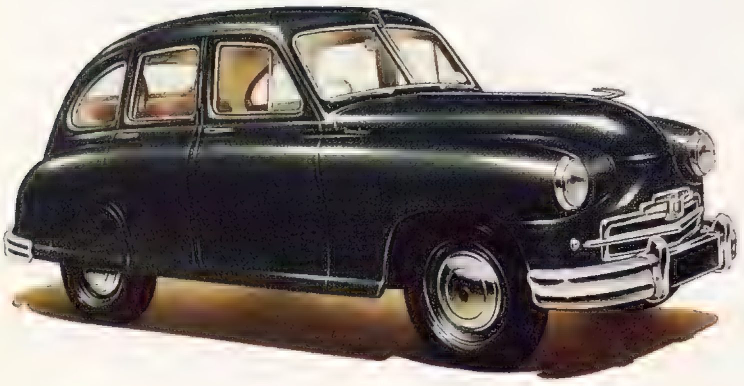

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- 1st—Lisbon Rally—General Classification and 1½ Litre Class
- 1st—Bremgarten Sports Car Race—1½ Litre Class
- 1st—Rheineck Walzenhausen Hill Climb—1½ Litre Class
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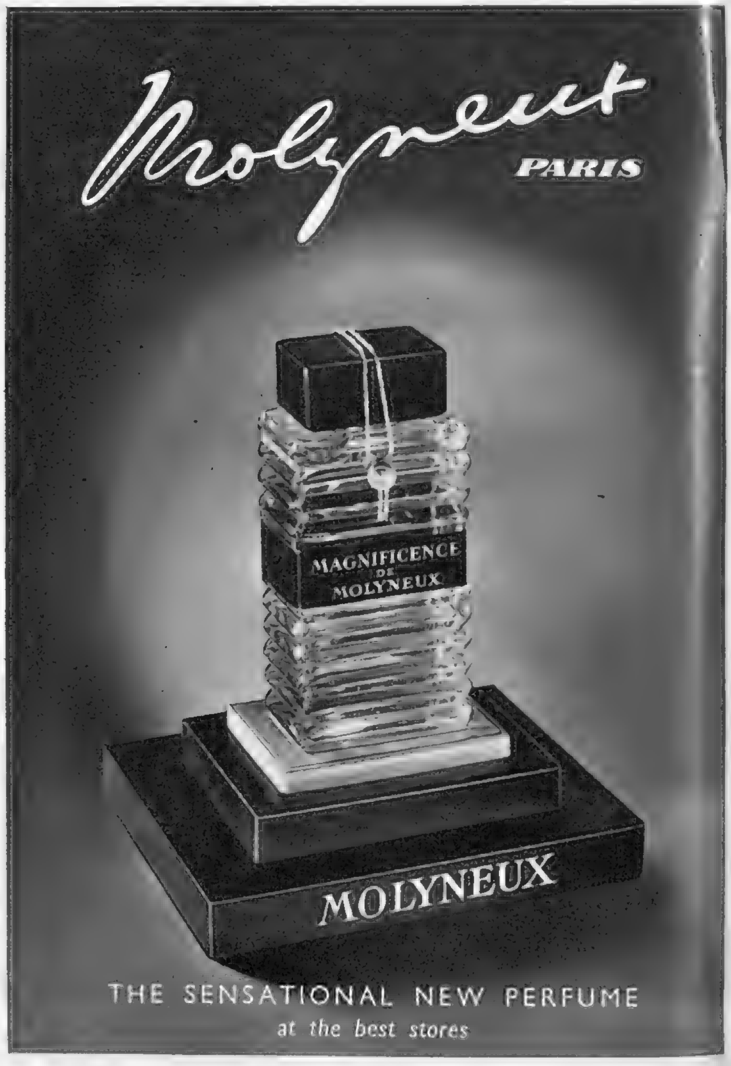

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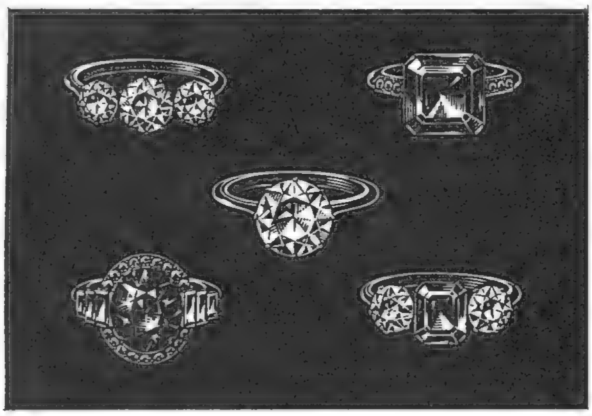

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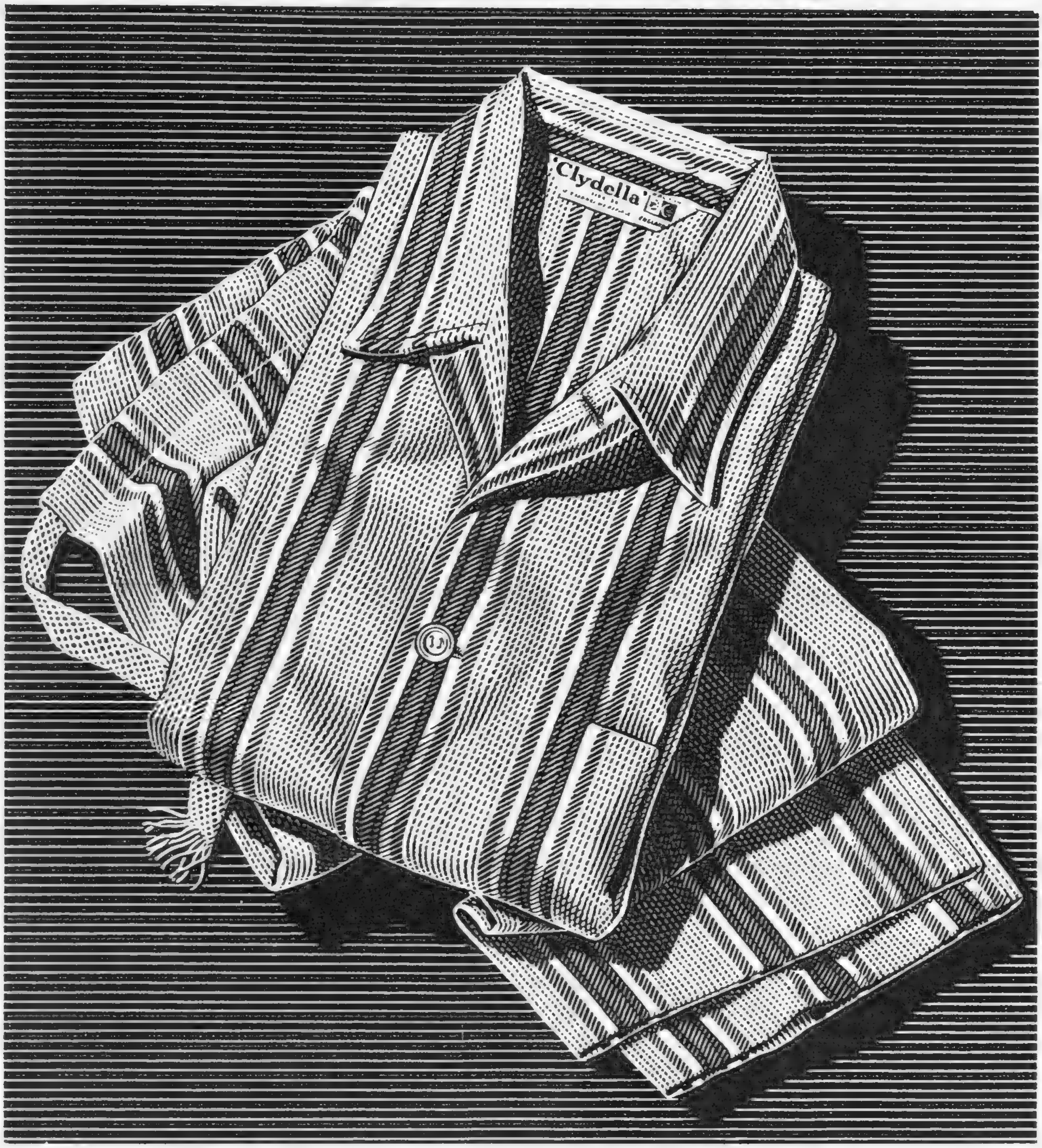

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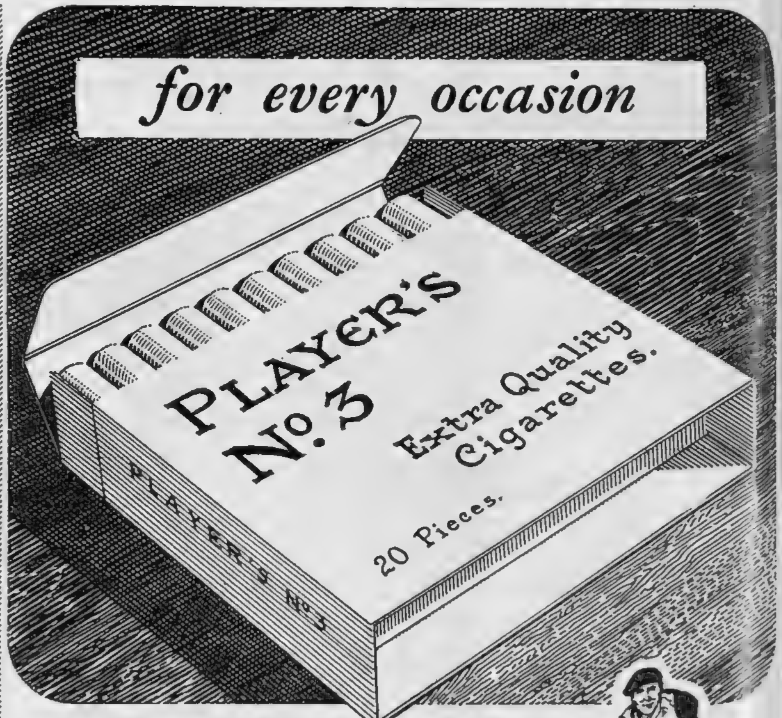

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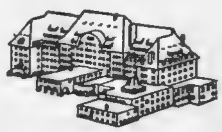

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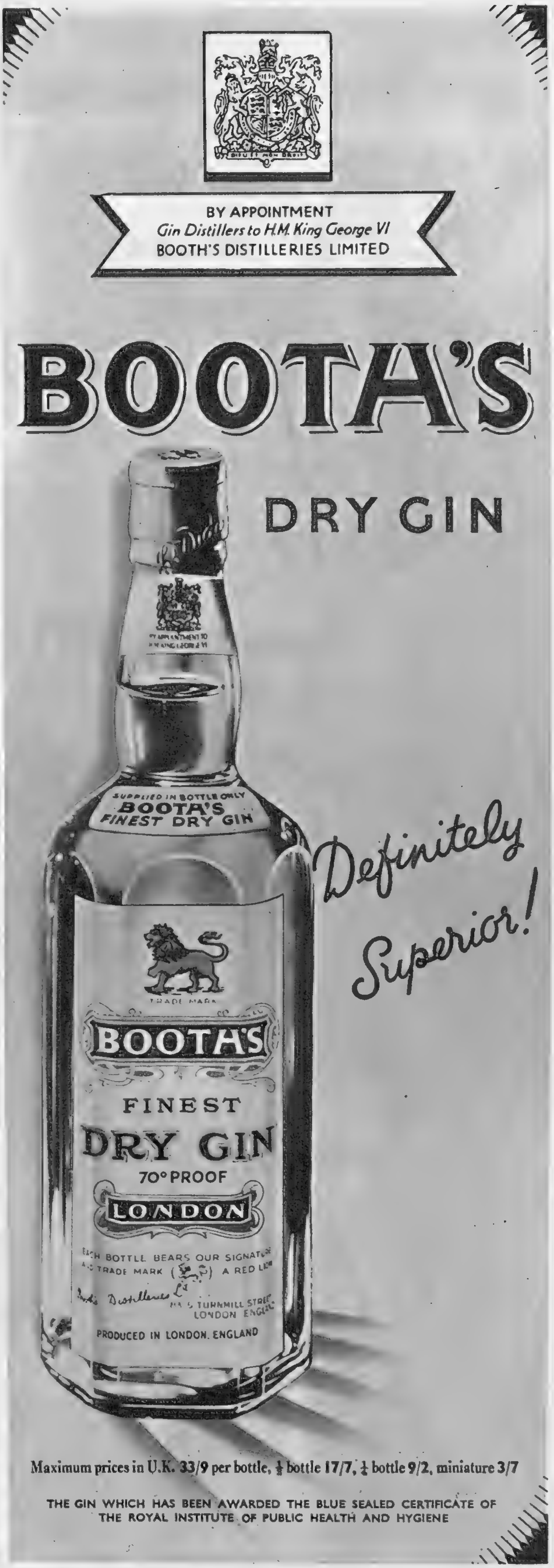
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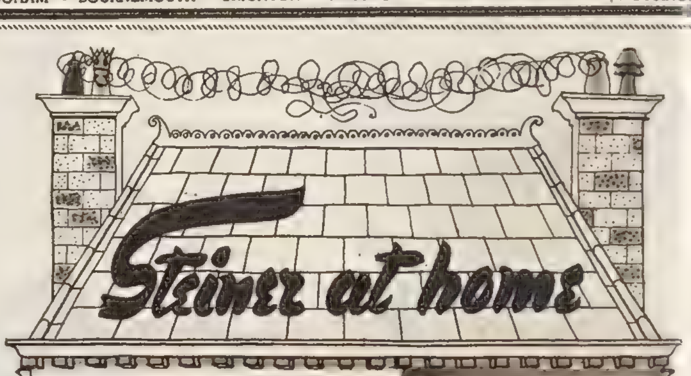

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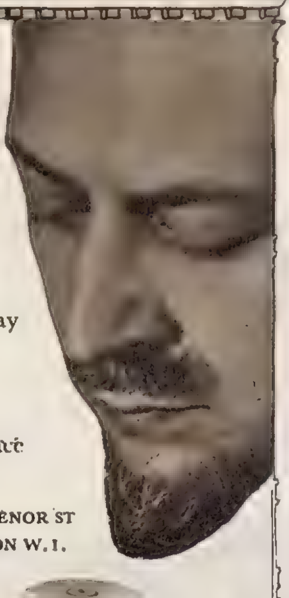

66 GROSVENOR ST
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OUT OF MY WINDOW (THE JOINTURE), painted from his house at Ditchling with the South Downs beyond. By Courtesy of Count William de Belleroche.

THE ART OF BRANGWYN

From his Festival Exhibition at the Worthing Art Gallery we have chosen for reproduction on these four colour pages five paintings by that G.O.M. of impressionism, Sir Frank Brangwyn, R.A. A master of murals, his works are big in size, broad in treatment, and of immense vitality. He has not had an exhibition now for many years, and the show of paintings and drawings was opened at Worthing on July 29 by Sir Gerald Kelly, P.R.A., whose tribute could not have been greater, referring as it did to "the terrific qualities of this wonderful man." The exhibition, which closed on September 8, was largely based on the collection of Count William de Belleroche, Brangwyn's close friend and biographer. Paintings and drawings were also lent by the Victoria and Albert Museum, the Guildhall Art Gallery, the Royal Academy, and the Leeds Art Gallery, among other owners. As for his history, Frank Brangwyn

(Continued on back page of Colour Supplement.)

THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW IN OLDEN DAYS.
By Courtesy of the Guildhall Art Gallery.

(*Top, right.*)
OFF FALMOUTH (water-colour). By Courtesy of Mrs. J. H. Scott-Mason.

(*Below, right.*)
AVIGNON (water-colour) was exhibited in the "Contemporary British Art Exhibition" at the National Gallery, 1942. By Courtesy of Count William de Belleroche.

The Art of Brangwyn *(contd.)*

THE FEAST. By Courtesy of Count William de Belleroche.

The Art of Brangwyn *(contd.)*

was born in Bruges in 1867, of Anglo-Welsh parents ; has now lived in Ditchling, Sussex, for forty years. He had his first instruction from his father—owner of an establishment for church embroideries and similar objects—who took a leading part in the Gothic revival under Pugin. After the family moved to England, Brangwyn worked for a time in Morris's studio, and travelled later in the East. His love of Oriental decorative art greatly influenced his work, and his tendency has always been essentially decorative, combining a rich colour-sense with well-balanced design, as is evident in these examples. He was elected R.A. in 1919, knighted in 1941, and he is now eighty-four.

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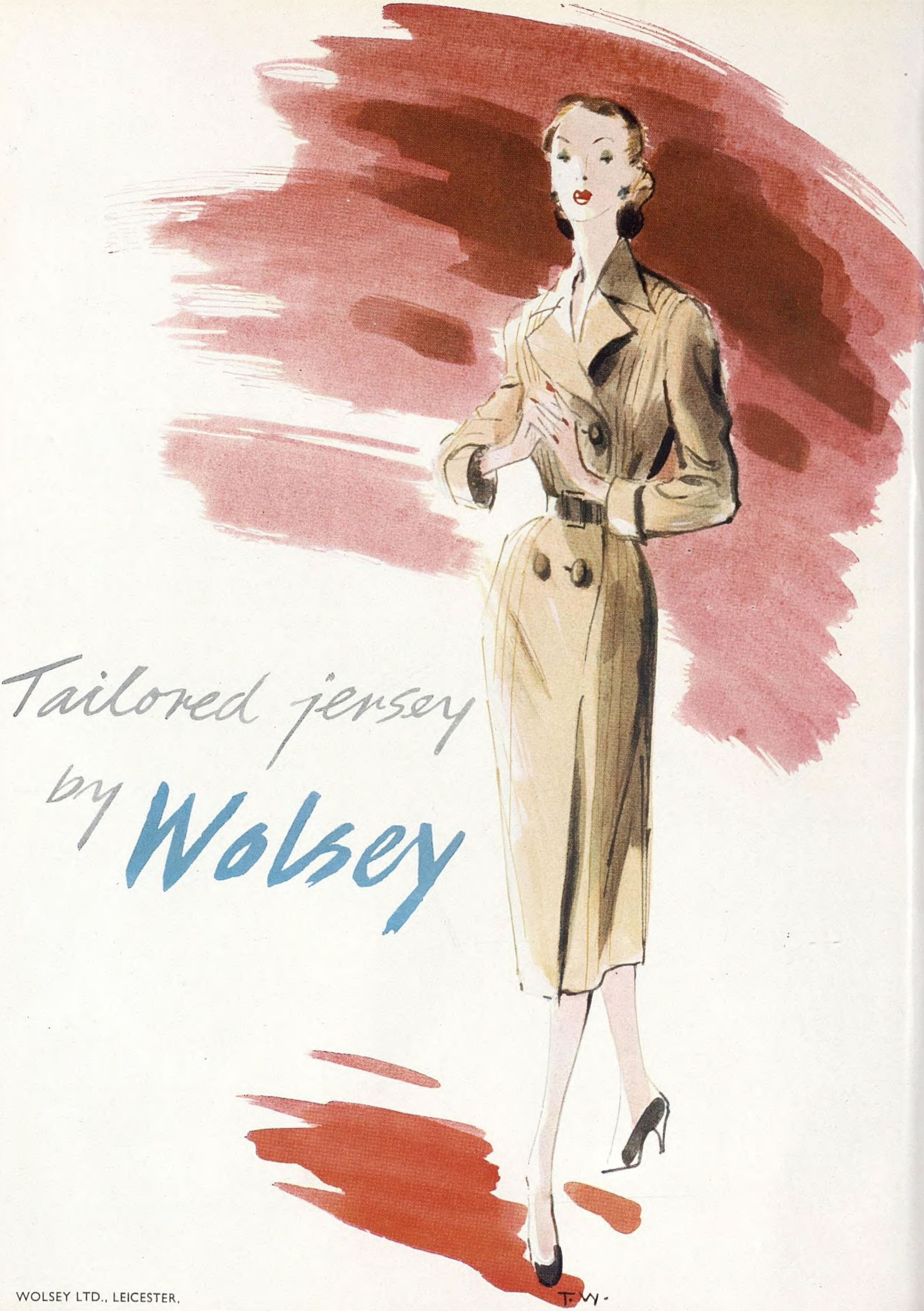

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